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THE NATION

AND ATHENÆUM

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THE APPLE CART.
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THE NATION

AND ATHENÆUM



VOL. XLV.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1929.

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE recent propaganda in favour of a higher Bank rate was so strenuous and was stamped so unmistakably with the marks of official inspiration that the raising of Bank rate on Thursday to $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. caused no surprise, especially as the Bank had lost a further £3½ millions of gold during the past week. It must be admitted, as we have already admitted in these columns, that the Bank authorities had shown remarkable restraint in holding their hands so long; and the case for raising the rate this week was overwhelmingly strong by all the traditional standards. None the less, the step which has been taken must inevitably bring the whole question of currency and credit policy once more into the forefront of public controversy; and an authoritative currency inquiry ought, we think, to be appointed without further delay. The new Bank rate is bound to be seriously prejudicial to trade, both because a $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. rate (which is what most industrial borrowers will have to pay for temporary accommodation) is very high in itself, and because it is certain to be associated with a definite contraction of the basis of bank credit. It is likely to do decidedly more to increase unemployment than Mr. Thomas seems likely to do to diminish it; and an inquiry becomes important, if only to determine how far there is any point in pressing forward schemes of national development unless we have a radical change in monetary policy.

* * *

The conversations between Mr. Arthur Henderson and M. Dovgalevsky have been resumed this week. As we pointed out at the time, no significance attached to the interruption of these conversations at the end of

July beyond the reluctance of both Governments to appear unduly eager for a resumption of relations. Having manifested by two months' further delay the absence of enthusiasm with which they approach the question, and having meanwhile fortified themselves by a record of achievement in other directions, the Government may be expected to propose the final resumption of relations with Russia when Parliament meets next week. In this course, they can count, of course, on Liberal support. The interesting questions will then begin.

* * *

We observe with much surprise that the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN urges the Government to proceed on the basis of the abortive Anglo-Russian treaties of 1924. "It would save time if the agreement—treaty as it was called—of 1924 were taken as read. The second Labour Government might quite well take up this matter where it had to lay it down in 1924." In view of the prestige which the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN deservedly enjoys as the pre-eminent Liberal organ, it may be desirable for us to say emphatically what otherwise we should not have thought it necessary to say, that the Government could make no greater mistake than to follow this singular advice. It will be remembered that the central principle of the proposed treaties of 1924 was the mutual dependence of the payment by the Soviet Government of compensation to British citizens whose properties had been expropriated and of the guaranteeing by the British taxpayer of a loan to be raised by the Soviet Government in the London market. This proposal for a guaranteed loan was an outrageous proposal; and it did not make it better, but rather worse, that it was linked up with compensation for the claims of British subjects. We

can see no reason either in justice or policy why the British taxpayer should be called on to run a very real risk indeed in order to purchase compensation for individuals who have lost their money in Russia. Liberal opposition to this proposal was genuine and intense, and it would be equally intense if the project were to be revived to-day. The Labour Government would be well advised to make it clear, at the outset of their dealings with the Russians, that the idea of a guaranteed loan cannot be entertained for a moment, and this time to stick to their position.

* * *

The representatives at Geneva of Great Britain, India, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, have now signed the Optional Clause, subject to certain reservations, embodied in an agreed common formula. These reservations exclude from the operation of the clause, (1) disputes which both parties agree to deal with by some other form of peaceful settlement; (2) disputes between members of the British Commonwealth of Nations; (3) disputes which, by international law, fall exclusively within the jurisdiction of the signatory State. They provide also that the respective Governments reserve their right to require proceedings in the International Court to be suspended "in respect of any dispute which has been submitted to, and is under consideration by the Council of the League of Nations." Mr. Arthur Henderson explained that the last mentioned clause was intended to cover disputes which were really political in character, though juridical in appearance. Should the Council decline to keep any such dispute under consideration, it would then come within the jurisdiction of the Court. France, Peru, and Czechoslovakia signed the Clause at the same time, without any serious reservation.

* * *

Apart from the signing of the Optional Clause by these States, the chief interest in the proceedings at Geneva has centred round the work of the various Committees of the Assembly. The discussions in the second Committee have not shown much enthusiasm for Mr. Graham's proposed tariff truce, but all States, whether members of the League or not, are to be asked whether they are willing to take part in a Conference, next year, for discussion of the proposal. The First Committee has adopted the Chinese proposal to institute an inquiry into the best method of giving effect to the Article in the Covenant providing that the Assembly may advise Members of the League to reconsider treaties that have become inapplicable, and has appointed a Committee of eleven members to consider and report on the British Government's proposals for amending the Covenant, in order to bring it into line with the Kellogg Pact. In the Third Committee, Lord Cecil withdrew his much canvassed resolution, which was interpreted as reopening the question of trained reservists, and a substituted resolution, drafted by M. Politis, of Greece, was unanimously passed. This was little more than an expression of pious hopes that the Preparatory Commission for Disarmament would make good progress, and left the question of trained reservists very much in the air. It did, however, "cordially welcome" the prospects of an early naval agreement.

* * *

This welcome, being unanimous, may have some significance; but the path of the Five-Power Conference is not likely to be smooth. It is rumoured that two of the Powers will make their adherence to any

agreement conditional on the question of trained reservists being regarded as closed, and even naval agreement will not easily be reached. To judge by recent articles in the French Press, French naval opinion is most concerned about reports of proposals to reduce the submarine fleets. It is common knowledge that the French Naval Staff have for long thought that submarines of a large type could be used for trade protection, and that France's growing dependence on oversea imports justified a large submarine fleet. It is certain, therefore, that any drastic proposals for reduction of submarine tonnage will be strongly contested by the French delegates, and they are likely to have Japanese support on this question. The Italian point of view, as revealed in the Press, is a far simpler one. Italy will simply demand absolute parity with France. So far, the French Press has made little comment on this claim; but it is extremely unlikely to be accepted by the French delegates.

* * *

The Sub-Committee appointed by the Naval Affairs Committee of the United States Senate to investigate the relations between Mr. William B. Shearer and the shipbuilding companies, has opened its investigations, and has already called, as witnesses, high officials of the three companies who sent Mr. Shearer to Geneva in 1927. These gentlemen all maintain that they were quite unaware of Mr. Shearer's earlier activities as a Big Navy propagandist (some account of which we give in another column); that his instructions were simply to report on the progress of the Three-Power Conference, for the purpose of enabling the companies to decide whether it would, or would not, be advisable to lay down new plant, and that his efforts to influence public opinion were made without their authority or approval. None of them, however, has been able to explain why such large sums were paid to a mere "observer-reporter," nor why they continued to employ Mr. Shearer after his value as a reporter had been proved to be negligible, and his propagandist activities had become notorious. Mr. Shearer himself has not yet given evidence. When he does, the result should be interesting, for the Sub-Committee has shown every indication of a real desire to get at the facts.

* * *

Apart from the question of Mr. Shearer's activities at Geneva, the inquiry has already produced some remarkable revelations as to the large amounts habitually expended by the companies on what may be called "secret service"—more especially in connection with lobbying and Press agitation for a Bill to subsidize the American mercantile marine—and the secrecy observed with regard to such transactions in the companies' accounts. Indeed, the inquiry seems likely to give both the Big Navy and the ship subsidy propaganda a blow from which it will be difficult for either to recover. The Sub-Committee's terms of reference exclude the very important question of Mr. Shearer's alleged relations with the Navy Board and with officers of the United States Navy. Whether it will be possible to keep this line of inquiry closed, after Mr. Shearer has given evidence, remains to be seen. In any event, the present investigation should go far to fulfil Mr. Hoover's declared intention of freeing American foreign policy from undesirable influences. The element of comedy in the affair does not disguise its sinister aspect, or make the exposure any the less wholesome. The American case for "parity"

is far too strong to need bolstering up by such activities as Mr. Shearer's; but the possibilities of international friction in propaganda of this kind are serious.

* * *

Mr. Tilden Smith, the managing director of the Tilmanstone Colliery, in Kent, has reaped a rich reward for his enterprise in offering to send two of his employees to Russia to investigate conditions there. Messrs. J. Crane and W. Roone, who accepted this invitation, did so on the understanding that if they found things better in Russia than in Kent they should remain there, and that any of their friends at the colliery would be free to join them at Mr. Tilden Smith's expense. These two miners were not, of course, skilled investigators, but they had the advantage of the company of a schoolmaster who acted as interpreter; they managed somehow to avoid the official Soviet escort, and there seems no reason to question their good faith. The report which they have now made to their fellow workers makes lively reading. The first mine they visited was the Barovsky mine. It was simply a hole in the side of a hill:—

"When we saw it," said Mr. Crane, "we never dreamt for a moment that anyone was working there. . . . The seam appeared to be perfectly vertical. We went down by the process of sliding on our backs from prop to prop, and finally Roone said: 'I am proceeding no farther.' We found then that it was impossible to get back, and we had to keep on going down until the seam came out on to the level again. We were told that the miners worked six hours a day in that mine, and we told them in reply that the British miners would not work three hours a day in such a place."

* * *

At the New Economical Mine, the Kentish visitors saw women working on the screens in eight-hour shifts. They saw women pulling coal out of the cage in their bare feet. They also visited the workers' homes, which had no water laid on and no baths. In Moscow they were especially shocked and impressed by the cripples and aged beggars of both sexes, and Mr. Roone was amazed at the display of wealth in the shops:—

"On going farther along this street we noticed the expensive and fashionable clothes which were displayed. This street was a mile long and every shop was displaying goods which we knew only rich people could buy. We contrasted the appearance of this street with the poverty all round us. If the people who hold Communist views could walk along this street they would say much the same as we said, that it must be all hypocrisy. For, as I told friend Crane, this is the very thing that you Communists in England condemn, and here in the heart of Soviet Russia they do the very things that you criticize capitalist countries for doing. . . . Our friend Crane cursed the Soviet for their hypocrisy, saying, Lenin never intended this."

There is an agreeable naivety about the whole narrative. It does not, of course, throw much new light on conditions in Soviet Russia, but it makes excellent anti-Communist propaganda, and we may presume that Mr. Tilden Smith's object was fully accomplished when Crane turned to Roone and said, "Thank God it's all over! If the miners at Tilmanstone had to work under these conditions, there would be hell to pay. Tilmanstone is Heaven to this." And Roone agreed.

* * *

The Egyptian party leaders are engaged in very important discussions at the Hotel San Stefano, in the outskirts of Alexandria. Mahmoud Pasha is said to be willing to resign the Premiership, if that would facilitate the formation of a Coalition Government, to hold elections, and negotiate an Anglo-Egyptian Treaty on the lines of the recent proposals. The Wafd

leaders are reported—credibly enough in view of their past record—to take the line that their fight for Egyptian independence gives them a prescriptive right to be the negotiators of a final settlement, and that they will neither join any coalition nor prejudice their right to attempt the extortion of further concessions from Great Britain. They insist also that the elections must be held under a new system of universal franchise, which they believe would assure them a large majority in the new Chamber. The British Government has already stated emphatically that the proposals discussed with Mahmoud represent the utmost limit of concession to which they can go. They also made it clear to Mahmoud that the Egyptian Parliament with which they concluded a Treaty must be elected under the existing electoral law. It would do no harm if both these statements were repeated for the information of the Wafd leaders.

* * *

The British Government has decided, most wisely, to adopt the late Sir Gilbert Clayton's advice, and to recommend that Iraq be admitted to membership of the League of Nations in 1932. This decision has been communicated and explained to the League in the report on the Administration of Iraq presented to the Council. The historical narrative which forms part of the report is a sober and interesting survey of the long and tiresome controversy between the British and Iraq Governments. After inviting us to enforce a conscription law with British troops, and being much annoyed at our refusal, Iraqis of all classes selected one general complaint—the double control of the administrative services—and made it a national war cry. It is most fortunate that the British Administrators realized in time that discontent may be dangerous even when it is unreasonable, and that good relations may be preferable to administrative efficiency. The new treaty which will settle our relations with Iraq after her entry into the League will not have the embittered antecedents that have complicated the task of framing an Egyptian settlement.

* * *

The Indian Legislative Assembly has passed, by a very large majority, and amidst loud cheering, the Child Marriage Bill introduced by Rai Sahib Harbilas Sarda. By this Bill, the minimum age for the marriage of girls is raised to fourteen, and the age of consent to sixteen. We do not wish to reopen the controversy aroused by "Mother India," but it is impossible to dissociate this event from the publication of Miss Mayo's book. The Assembly deserves the warmest congratulations on the courage and wisdom it has shown in dealing with the question, which age-long tradition, and embittered controversy, had made peculiarly thorny. For any legislation on the subject to be effective, it was essential that it should have an Indian origin, and should be carried by the weight of Indian opinion. This has been accomplished. At the same time, the Government, and especially Sir James Crerar, the Home Member, deserve all possible credit for the part they have played in the matter. Every speaker who supported the Bill on its third reading paid a generous tribute to the Government for its help, and the passage of the Bill should have valuable results in promoting co-operation between the Government and the Assembly. The only serious opposition came from some of the Moslem members, who are sending a deputation to press the Viceroy to withhold his assent from the Bill. It may be safely assumed that this move will be unsuccessful.

SOME HATRY MORALS

IT is impossible, of course, at this stage to discuss the Hatry affair fully and freely. Mr. Hatry and his principal associates have been arrested on a charge of fraud; and no comment which might in any way prejudice their trial can be made on the transactions which have led to their arrest. Nor is there as yet available sufficiently detailed or reliable information to enable the full story to be told. But the facts that have emerged already are disquieting in ways that have nothing to do with the culpability of Mr. Hatry and his friends, and they raise issues of the first public importance. According to the *DAILY NEWS*, the Cabinet is already considering the desirability of amending the existing company law. But there are other things besides the company law which would seem to need overhauling in the light of the past week's disclosures.

The City Editor of the *TIMES* records, as a reassuring feature of the situation, that the difficulties resulting from the collapse of the Hatry companies "concern chiefly the professional element rather than private investors," and that "the losses will fall mainly on banks strong enough to meet them without the slightest difficulty." From one point of view this is certainly reassuring. But it raises a question which it is important to probe. The banks in question include presumably some of the Big Five. How does it come about that they are involved on so large a scale? The Hatry crash, it must be remembered, is no affair of the Overend-Gurney type. It is not a case of a wholly unexpected and hardly credible revelation of something wrong with the affairs of men who have enjoyed a name of the highest repute and whose credit and stability have been regarded in all quarters as above suspicion. Mr. Hatry had a past—the past of the Commercial Bank of London, of British Glass Industries, of Jute Industries, Limited—a past of promotions which had ended in liquidations and enormous losses. Such a record, it might have been thought, would have told long and heavily against Mr. Hatry's credit. And in a sense it did. Mr. Hatry's credit, as the term is ordinarily used, did not stand high. Yet it stood high enough for him to obtain cash advances, directly and indirectly, from the banks, on a scale which must have amounted to millions of pounds. High enough, it may be added, for him to secure as chairman of several of his companies the 16th Marquess of Winchester, Premier Marquess of England, Hereditary Bearer of the Cap of Maintenance.

We have here a far from agreeable paradox. The standing which enables a man to obtain large advances from a bank by no means necessarily includes a reputation for trustworthiness or financial soundness. Despite all the copybook maxims which our bankers are so fond of uttering for the public edification, they pay homage in practice not to character but to *importance*. Anyone who operates on a sufficiently large scale is, from the banker's point of view, an important man; and a bank will accordingly extend far more deference and latitude to an adventurer on a big scale whom it distrusts than to an ordinary mortal of unimpeachable character. Nor is this attitude

devoid of rational foundation. Your Napoleon of finance controls, or is from time to time in a position to control, the affairs of all sorts of commercial or industrial undertakings which have bank accounts. He might move these accounts from one bank to another, and it is of the essence of the Napoleonic character that he would not hesitate to do so if it suited him. To such a possibility our banks are extremely sensitive, for a keen rivalry for accounts is virtually the sole element of competition which survives in our banking system.

This helps to make the attitude of the banks intelligible, but it is very far from justifying it. We cannot believe that the readiness of some of our banks to give exceptional support to financiers of the type of Mr. Hatry is really to the interest of their shareholders. It is certainly not to the public interest. And it is vital that the joint-stock banks, now that they have been reduced to a small number of extremely wealthy and powerful institutions, should develop a sensitiveness to the public interest. In other respects, too, the part played by the banks in the Hatry affairs needs to be cleared up.

Issues of a different character are raised by the plight in which the city of Wakefield finds itself. Wakefield, in common with many other towns (some of which may also be involved in losses), has lately employed the services of one of Mr. Hatry's companies, Corporation and General Securities, Limited, for the issue of a loan to the public; and the ratepayers now stand to suffer a heavy burden by reason of the fact that the Corporation has received only a portion of the cash which the public has subscribed and for which stock certificates have been duly issued. The laxity of the system thus disclosed calls for severe comment. Of course, municipal authorities ought not to borrow from the public through the agency of companies which are liable to fail. But that is not the point which we chiefly wish to stress. Why should the failure of the issuing company inflict loss on a municipal borrower—or, for that matter, on any other borrower? It is perfectly easy to guard against this danger by following the simple and businesslike procedure of issuing stock certificates only against the receipt of cash. To allow the issuing concern to retain for a period the money subscribed by the public is to treat it in effect as a banker, as well as an issuer. Now, whatever the attractions of Corporation and General Securities, Limited, for the rôle of issuer, it is not to be supposed that any municipal authority in its senses would have thought it a suitable banker with which to deposit a large sum of money. Certainly, any authority which had chosen it for this purpose would now be exposed to strong and well-deserved censure.

At the very best, therefore, after this object-lesson, the precaution of issuing certificates only against cash should be made obligatory in the case of all loans raised by public authorities. But, in our judgment, the time has come for a larger reform. What purpose is really served by leaving our larger municipalities to make their own terms and their own arrangements when they wish to borrow money? Why not enlarge the scope of the Local Loans Fund to cover all borrowing by public authorities? This was pro-

posed, it may be remembered, in the Liberal "Yellow Book" as part of the comprehensive scheme of a Board of National Investment. We hope that the Hatry affair may serve to direct attention to this and to many other proposals of the "Yellow Book."

We pass to another matter which the developments of the past week have brought into prominence—the remarkable prevalence of the nominee system, *i.e.*, the system under which shares are registered in the names, not of their legal owners, but of someone else, commonly a bank, who acts as the owner's nominee. The attempt of the Stock Exchange Committee to elucidate the position by ascertaining precisely who has been buying and selling Hatry shares during the present settlement period at once encountered the obstacle of the nominee system. Of what use is it for the Stock Exchange Committee to obtain from brokers the names of their clients who have been dealing in Hatry shares, unless, in those very numerous cases where the broker's client is a bank, the bank will disclose the names of the persons for whom it has been acting? How, on the other hand, can the banks supply this information without violating the seal of confidence? Such are the perplexing conundrums with which conferences in the City have been wrestling during the present week. We shall make no attempt to answer them. The true moral, we suggest, is that the whole nominee system is an abuse which ought to be rooted out. Consider how grotesque the present situation is. The law lays it down that the names of shareholders must be registered at Somerset House. Why? Because it is thought desirable, as a protection against various abuses, that the names of the shareholders should be ascertainable. At the same time, the law allows a man to put forward the name of a bank as the nominal owner of his shares while retaining himself the full legal rights of ownership, so that the names of the real shareholders are in practice unascertainable. What can possibly be said in favour of such self-stultifying arrangements? It cannot be right at one and the same time to insist on publicity, and to facilitate arrangements to enable the publicity to be evaded.

A NAVAL EXPERT IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

WITHOUT anticipating the results of the Senatorial Inquiry into Mr. Shearer's activities, that versatile gentleman may fairly be recognized as the hero of one of the most amazing journalistic stunts on record. The leading shipbuilding companies in the United States admit—whatever else they deny—that they paid him large sums to attend the Three-Power Naval Conference as an "observer-reporter." By his own accounts he was much more. It is certain, at any rate, that he has been the chief instrument of that raging and tearing Big Navy propaganda which has so seriously embarrassed the United States Government. Yet who, after all, is Mr. William B. Shearer?

He is described, for want of a better term, as a "naval expert"; but he is a naval expert of quite a new kind. We, too, have our naval experts, and, in the years before the war, they ran a Big Navy campaign of their own. Their weekly articles, discussing the comparative strengths of the British and German fleets, often appeared to Liberal observers to be injudicious and dangerous; but no one

ever questioned either their honesty or their technical competence. Sir Archibald Hurd, Sir Alexander Richardson, Commander Robinson, Mr. H. W. Wilson, Mr. J. Leyland, and others, were recognized authorities on naval history and technicalities, who wrote regularly on current naval questions as part of their ordinary journalistic and literary avocations. All their activities could be traced, for they wrote mostly over their own names; no one ever suspected them of receiving a penny, apart from their ordinary space rates and royalties.

Mr. Shearer is a much more mysterious and elusive person. To begin with, he has set up as a naval expert without even claiming technical knowledge of his subject.

"It is a new title in America. I developed it and nursed it. I am a naval expert, not because of any ability on my part, but because of the lack of knowledge shown by Congress."

His career fully confirms this modest estimate of his qualifications. He claims to have been a mining and electrical engineer in Mexico, and a gunner-electrician in the Spanish-American War. Just before the Great War he was a "theatrical manager" in London. Green-room gossip credits him with a variety of miscellaneous jobs about the theatres and music-halls as stage-manager, producer, advance booking agent, and deviser of spot-light effects. During the early years of the War he seems to have pestered the British Government with inventions, including an "amphibian tank." Later, he became a civilian employee in the United States Navy Board, and states that he invented a "one-man torpedo boat." Unfortunately the naval and military authorities of the Allies were too stupid to make any effective use of either the one-man torpedo-boat or the amphibian tank.

Then there comes a gap, filled, one may presume, with a little quiet journalism and lobbying; for he tells us that it was his successful advocacy, in 1919, of a Bill providing for an increase in military and naval pay, that led a group of United States Admirals to select him, in 1924, to "expose the deplorable condition of the Navy in articles in the Press."

In that year the basis of the American naval manoeuvres was an attack on the Panama Canal by a battle-fleet of equal strength coming from the Eastern Atlantic. As soon as the manoeuvres were over, a journalistic hurricane swept the United States. It was alleged that they had proved the United States battle-fleet to have dropped below the 5:5:3 ratio; that ships using coal must be converted into oil-burners; and that more cruisers must be built without delay. The articles contained little technical argument; they were violently sensational, and violently anti-British. Shearer claims the responsibility for writing or inspiring them, and his claim is undoubtedly correct. Internal evidence strongly supports his further claim that his activities were inspired by naval officers of high rank.

So it was that Mr. Shearer "developed" the title of naval expert, which he proceeded to "nurse"; but not in the old-fashioned, British way, by the publication of signed articles, illustrated by graphs and tables, on technical naval subjects. Mr. Shearer modestly retired into the background, and left the Big Navy propaganda to be carried on by means of meetings, processions, and Navy Day celebrations, his part in which one can only conjecture.

He did, however, come once into the limelight, by applying to the Supreme Court for an injunction against the sinking of one of the battleships scrapped under the Washington Treaty, on the ground that he had already proved the United States battle-fleet to be below the 5:5:3 ratio. Of course, the application failed; but it

would be interesting to know who bore the enormous costs of a hearing in the Supreme Court.

For the rest, Mr. Shearer attended the Preparatory Commission on Disarmament in 1926, and did a lot of useful lobbying in favour of the Bill for subsidizing the United States Mercantile Marine. He went to Geneva, he tells us, at his own expense, though "supplied officially with navy intelligence data." For his lobbying he was, admittedly, paid by the shipbuilding companies. Then, in 1927, came his real chance, with the holding of the Three-Power Conference. It is admitted that he was paid to attend the Conference by the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Company, the Newport News Shipbuilding Company, and the New York Shipbuilding Company; but there is a regrettable difference of opinion between Mr. Shearer and the Companies as to how much he was to be paid, and what he was paid to do. The Companies say they agreed to pay him £5,000 to report proceedings. Mr. Shearer says they paid him £10,000 and promised him £50,000 more for Big Navy propaganda.

On their own showing, the Companies were singularly liberal. Mr. Bardo, President of the New York Shipbuilding Company, had no knowledge of Mr. Shearer, beyond fifteen minutes' talk, in which Shearer "gave no indication as to whether he believed in a larger or a smaller Navy." This, of course, did not matter, as the Company "was not interested in the success or failure of the Geneva Conference, but only in knowing quickly which way it was going." Still, the amount seems a large one, for mere reports of progress, and Mr. Bardo must surely have regretted his bargain, for the Press recorded the Conference so accurately that he only thought it worth while to read three of Mr. Shearer's reports. His secretary thought they were merely "more cheap talk" and filed them.

Mr. Wakeman, Vice-President of the Bethlehem Company, was still more bitterly disappointed. Instead of matter-of-fact reports of the Conference, he received a cable stating that Mr. Shearer had sent out:—

"'Imperialistic for Peace,' 250 copies; 'Facing Geneva,' 250 copies; 'A Merchant Marine,' 250 copies being posted."

"Facing Geneva," which Mr. Shearer was sending to "all newspapers," was a violently anti-British article; but it sounds mild in comparison with, "The Marine Follies—Glorifying the Dance of Death inspired by fanatics who worship self-inflicted torture." This, however, was merely an article purporting to show that American text-books were filled with foreign propaganda against American sea-power.

All Mr. Shearer's actual reports were virulently anti-British; so much so that Mr. Wakeman considered them "obnoxious, disgusting, and a violation of instructions." Yet the poor man had not yet lost his faith in human nature, and he did not recall Mr. Shearer, for

"I kept thinking that ultimately we should get something out of him of a different nature."

What he did get ultimately was a final report:—

"As the result of my activities during the Sixty-ninth Congress, eight 10,000-ton cruisers are now under construction. Furthermore, owing to the failure of the Three-Power Naval Conference at Geneva, there is now before the Seventieth a shipbuilding programme costing \$740,000,000."

Mr. Schwab, Chairman of the Bethlehem Company, who is so disinterested that he is "perfectly willing to sink all battleships to the bottom of the sea," disclaims all knowledge of Mr. Shearer's engagement; but, when asked whether he had censured Mr. Wakeman for his error of judgment, he could only reply:—

"Well, Senator, let us do this with the kindest feeling and proceed in a gentlemanly manner."

We ourselves wish to proceed in a gentlemanly manner, and have the kindest feelings towards the amusing Mr. Shearer and the ingenuous Mr. Schwab. We will probe no farther into these mysteries; but wherever the Senate Committee (less delicately minded) may ultimately fix the responsibility, we trust that the publicity of the inquiry will put an end to this kind of propaganda either in the United States or elsewhere. It will certainly put an end to Mr. Shearer as a naval expert.

ANGORA, 1929

AUGUST 30th, 1929.—We arrived at Angora at seven o'clock yesterday morning; and now, at midday to-day, I am already riding back in the train towards Eskishehr, in order to catch the Simplon express there on its way to Aleppo. It is a flying visit, a bird's-eye view; but Angora is a place that one must visit—if only for twenty-four hours—again and again; for Angora is alive. It is a city that constantly changes and rapidly grows.

My first visit to Angora was rather more than six years ago: in April, 1923, during the interval between the two sessions of the Peace Conference of Lausanne. The Angora that I saw then is almost obliterated now, and the spirit of the place has changed as well as the aspect of the streets. In 1923, Angora was humming and buzzing with the ideas of 1789; in 1929 it is rattling and clattering with the works of Henry Ford. When one sees the velocity with which tools and technique spread round the world, the radiation of ideas seems slow indeed. Those ideas of 1789, for instance, had taken 135 years to travel here, so that an English student of political thought who wanted to study those ideas in the life of 1923 had simply to take the train (an invention which was not made until in Paris the ideas of 1789 were already dead mutton!) and then sit in the train for a week; and by that simple procedure he could catch up, in the heart of Anatolia, with the march of thoughts that had been launched upon the mind of Man in Paris 135 years before—like some astronomer who catches in his lens the light of a star which passed out of existence ages ago. I do not know exactly where one could catch up again with the ideas of 1789 now. Perhaps in Mexico, perhaps in China. But already that wave has moved on from Angora, and the wave of "Americanism" has followed in its wake.

"Americanism" is an ungainly word; but it exactly expresses the feel of Angora to-day, and I use the word in no derogatory sense. "Americanism" may express itself outwardly in Ford cars and in four storeys of reinforced concrete; but what is important and interesting is the spirit that these things embody, and that is the spirit of the pioneer. The last time that I was travelling westwards over this grey, parched, treeless plateau of Central Anatolia, in which Angora lies, there was a party of Americans in the carriage; and one of them, when he looked out of the window for the one and only time, remarked, "Why, these are just like the 'Bad Lands' of"—I forget which State, but it was some waterless region between the Middle West and California. I do not know what the American pioneer has done with the "Bad Lands," but the whole world knows him as a man who had the hardihood to plunge into the wilderness and wrestle with Nature until—like the angel with whom Jacob wrestled till daybreak—Nature yielded and gave the pioneer her blessing. Now the

pioneer spirit of America is just what Turkey needs, for it is this vital element that was lacking in the national life of the Turkish people before. The Turk first forced his way on to the stage of history, not as a pioneer, but as a nomadic conqueror; and the nomadic conqueror and the pioneer are exact inversions of one another. The pioneer goes into the wilderness and makes it blossom as the rose. The nomadic conqueror comes out of the wilderness and fastens like a parasite upon the work of other men's hands. At best, he reaps where he does not sow. At worst, he makes a desert out of the sown. Among the nations that have suffered from the Turk there used to be a saying that, "Grass does not grow where the Turkish horse-hoof has trod." Of course, this saying comes from an enemy's mouth, and it ignores the service which the Turkish conqueror performed—even if in a crude and imperfect way—by bringing some kind of law and order into the distracted Near Eastern world of the later Middle Ages. Nevertheless, it is substantially true that hitherto the Turk has been uncreative; and this characteristic of his past life comes out particularly clearly in his relation to Constantinople—the capital of the Ottoman Empire before Angora became the capital of the Turkish Republic. The Turk loved and appreciated and embellished Constantinople, but he did not make Constantinople. He came, saw, conquered, and then settled down in "the Abode of Felicity" to enjoy it at his ease. And this, I believe, is the ultimate reason why the new generation in Turkey has not wavered, during the last ten years, in its resolve to leave the flesh-pots of the Imperial City and to create, in the heart of the wilderness, a new capital for a nation that feels itself to be spiritually reborn.

It must not be supposed that the exodus from Constantinople to Angora has been made light-heartedly or without effort. When I visited Angora in 1923 the leaders of the National Movement had been cooped up there continuously for four years, and they were naturally pining to get out again into the great world; but I have been struck by finding that now, six years later, when the amenities of Angora are incomparably greater than they were, the homesickness for Constantinople is still strong among those Constantinopolitan Turks who are living, year in and year out, in Angora in order to make it a capital worthy of the new Turkey that is always in their minds.

We were shown the sights of Angora yesterday by the official responsible for the water-supply of the city; and we could not have had a more apt or more interesting guide, since the scarcity of water is the most difficult of the material problems with which the makers of the new Angora have to wrestle. He had had an interesting career. He had studied in Germany, and during the Great War he had been a prisoner in Siberia, whence he had eventually made his way home by Shanghai and Suez, seeing the world on the way. To him, Angora—seen as a mere piece of rocky hill and dusty plain—was as forlorn as it would be to any European; and, moreover, his birthplace was the island of Halki in the Marmora—a home more unlike Angora than almost any other place that one could find within the Turkish frontiers. He was in Angora, not in Halki, by his own deliberate choice. He had been in Angora for four years. But his homesickness suddenly flashed out when he took us to see his *chef d'œuvre*, "the Marmora"—in miniature, on the Anatolian plateau.

After he had led us up the sun-baked hillside above the Ghazi's model farm, and had shown us the new Zoological Gardens, he guided us along the brow of the hill; and there, high up, in this dry and barren country, we found ourselves standing by the edge of a tiny artificial lake,

the exact shape of the Marmora itself. (There had even been a Halki and a Prinkipo Island in it originally, but these had been removed to make room for the tiny skiff in which visitors to "the Marmora" take their pleasure on the water.) There was something pathetic about this little lake, with the little acacias round it. It showed clearly enough where the engineer's heart was; and I imagine that the hearts of most of his colleagues from Constantinople are in the same place. But sentiment is one thing, resolution another; and I am convinced that the makers of Angora will never be deflected, by their sentiment for the waters of Constantinople, from their self-imposed task in the dry heart of Anatolia.

What made them undertake this herculean task, and what is making them stick to it? The engineer gave me the answer incidentally, as we talked. "This," he said, "is a place for men who want to put forth their strength." And again, after he had been describing enthusiastically what has been accomplished so far, he checked himself (for he knew the great world), and said, half apologetically: "All this, of course, is nothing compared to Berlin or London, but people always love whatever they have made with their own hands, however small a thing it may be."

Here, I believe, is the key to all that is happening at Angora. Under the stimulus of America and Europe (but chiefly of America), the Turk has been seized by the impulse to create. He wishes to transform himself from the conqueror into the pioneer; and he knows that he cannot achieve this metamorphosis in Constantinople, the city which is the monument and witness of his past. So he has thrown himself, in a kind of ecstasy, upon the Anatolian wilderness, with the feeling that, if he can make a modern capital out of Angora, there is no corner of the country in which it will be beyond his power to "make good." . . .

Is he going to succeed at Angora (to leave out of account the larger question of a general regeneration of Turkey)? A savant at Constantinople assured me that the problem of the water-supply was physically insoluble. I am not a climatologist; I can only certify that the responsible engineer on the spot was full of confidence and courage. I can also certify that the effort which they are making at Angora now is really heroic. They are planting multitudes of trees in the city and on the hills around, and they are nursing all these trees through their infancy. Yesterday morning, after our arrival, when we were having our breakfast at a pastrycook's shop looking out on to the main street, we saw the watering-cart come round. Were they going to water the street? No, that would have been a luxury, for the street was paved and the dust was not excessive. But they did water the roots of the trees with which the "side walks" had been planted. According to my savant at Constantinople, this labour of love is doomed to be lost. Yet, as an historian, I cannot help wondering whether his scientific demonstration was infallible. Certainly, apart from these new plantations, the country round Angora is practically treeless, but has it always been so? In ancient times there was a region in Asia Minor called the "Axylon," the treeless land; but this was a comparatively small portion of the plateau in the salt desert between Angora and Konia. Would the ancients have used the word "Axylon" as a local name if the whole plateau had been as treeless then as it is to-day? This fragment of historical geography gives me some hope that my physical geographer may have made some miscalculation and that the tree-planters at Angora may have at least a sporting chance of success. Those trees are somehow symbolic, like the magic trees of fairy-tales. If the trees hold their own, I believe the Turkish nation will live.

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

LIVERPOOL AS A MODEL

AMONG the cities of Great Britain, Liverpool holds a proud place. No one can visit it without feeling the throb of a strong and healthy civic life. There are evidences of enterprise and of mastery in many directions, in its finely conceived housing schemes, on its magnificent waterside, at the university, and not least in that stately pile which is rising to give the lie to those who say that the age of cathedral building is over.

The claims of Liverpool are diverse upon persons of diverse tastes, but to one who is a social worker it is interesting first and foremost because it is the one city in our land where social service is excellently organized. Let anyone whose interests lie in that direction make inquiry in well-informed quarters as to where social service is seen at its best, and the answer will certainly be Liverpool. Indeed, there is no other city within measurable distance. Certainly not London; most certainly not Leeds. Perhaps Sheffield has the best claim to be considered runner-up.

In many cities and towns there are individual charities whose organization is good, but scarcely anywhere in this country has social service as a whole been brought under comprehensive review and federated in fact and not merely on paper. It is the peculiar merit of Liverpool to have gone a very long way towards achieving this. The Liverpool Council of Voluntary Aid has a long history; it is thoroughly trusted by the majority of agencies, as well as by the civic authorities and the general public. There has been put into the philanthropic activities of Liverpool an amount of constructive thinking without parallel in the rest of Great Britain. Many schemes are in actual operation in Liverpool which are the daring aspirations of social workers in other cities, and much is done as a matter of routine which is experimental or sporadic or non-existent elsewhere.

Let me give examples. The Liverpool Council of Voluntary Aid carries out very efficiently a registration of all relief or assistance given by over two hundred constituent bodies. It publishes annually an analysis of the income and expenditure of local charities which is a model of its kind. It issues specimens of balance-sheets and other aids to good book-keeping, and it has a salaried accountant who can be consulted without charge by any affiliated charity. It acts as trustee for charities. It negotiates exemption from income tax for long-period subscriptions, and in that capacity it distributes well over £40,000 a year. It has a Central Charities Fund, which is used to some extent to smooth out the inequalities of income between different classes of charities. It publishes and keeps up to date a directory. It has a long record of conferences which have issued in new kinds of work or in improvements in technique. Its occasional papers are stimulating pieces of analysis. In short, far more has been done in Liverpool than anywhere else to systematize social service. Perhaps that is not saying a great deal, for English philanthropy has still the profuseness and the confusion of a jungle.

The efficiency of the Council of Voluntary Aid has its counterpart in that of several other important Liverpool agencies. The Personal Service Society has as its secretary one of the most competent social workers in the country. The University Settlement in Nile Street, unlike the majority of university settlements, has never been crippled for want of funds, and it has therefore been able to work out its policy steadily and with all the gain which comes from an assured future. The University has a social science department, and the chair is occupied by a scientist of international reputation.

To what is the outstanding achievement of Liverpool

due? In the first place, it has been fortunate in the possession of a number of families with a strong tradition of service. Booth, Holt, Rathbone, are names which are equally well known in big business circles and in social service circles. Unitarianism has played the part in Liverpool which Quakerism has played in some other cities. Next to this has been the work of one or two exceptional men and women among the professional social workers; in particular there has been Mr. F. G. D'Aeth, the guiding genius of the Council of Voluntary Aid. It has followed, perhaps, as a consequence of the wisdom of its leaders, that in Liverpool there has not been that foolish grudging of adequate salaries which still is one of the chief causes of weakness in social work. There are many towns yet where a salary for a social worker is looked upon as so much less available for the relief of distress, and where it is thought wisdom to get men and women cheap. In Liverpool it has been realized that efficient social service is a skilled technical business, and that it is an economy a hundred times repaid to give salaries which, without being luxurious, are sufficient to attract able men and women and to keep them in fitness for their work.

HENRY A. MESS.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION

SIR,—Is Mr. Augustine Birrell right, in his letter to you, in saying that the 1829 Act gave complete Emancipation to the Roman Catholics?

Surely it was the last Baldwin Government that completed it and removed almost every disability?

I remember Sir H. Slessor and Lord Halifax and other ardent Anglo-Catholics pressing and arguing for their Bill in Parliament.

Is it not as a result of this latest removal of disabilities that we have seen the gathering of three hundred thousand people from South Lancashire in Thingwall Park, Liverpool, for the Celebration of Mass in the open, and other similar but smaller demonstrations?

It is a pity not to give credit to the late Government for passing a measure of such far-reaching importance.—Yours, &c.,

A. B. M.

September 21st, 1929.

SIR,—Referring to the interesting letter on "Catholic Emancipation" in your issue of September 21st, I wonder why the opening is quite friendly while the rest is just the reverse; a series of unsupported assertions and insinuations of intolerance.

I am a great admirer of Mr. Birrell. I think his letter very weak and trifling for him. I am sure he would not begrudge the Catholics their bit of "merry-making." Perhaps he would explain.—Yours, &c.,

F. J. GORMAN.

"Dromore," Athelstan Road, Worthing.

September 21st, 1929.

THE DRINK COMMISSION

SIR,—Notwithstanding Mr. Syrett's letter, I am completely in accord with the writer of your article. It would be difficult to find a more admirable chairman than Lord Amulree—a most amiable personality and an expert in conciliation; just the man to act as foreman of the jury. But the place of persons whose interests are bound up in the liquor traffic or who are committed to its abolition or to special methods of control should obviously be the witness-box. The differences between various types of temperance reformers are so acute that they neutralize one another, and "the Trade" which has in view only the noble ideal of selling as much liquor as possible is triumphant.

It is my miserable fate to have to sit in judgment on my unhappy fellow creatures who are charged with being drunk and incapable or drunk and disorderly. I always feel that

the culprit who sells the stuff to these unfortunates should be in the dock instead of the victim. To take "five bob" from the poor creature is no remedy. Then excessive drinking is at the bottom of most of the wretched matrimonial cases which perplex and distress the magistrates. We restrict licences as much as possible, only to increase the existing monopoly values. This tangle ought to be unravelled by a jury of intelligent, unbiased citizens such as Lord Amulree, not by persons hopelessly committed either to extolling the traffic or to this or that nostrum for regulation or abolition.—Yours, &c.,
J.P.

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Herbert S. Syrett's letter in your issue of the 21st instant, surely the drink question is now not difficult to solve. Sobriety, we are all thankful to observe, is continually increasing in this country, and intemperance is dying a natural death. Many of us feel that this happy state of affairs is due, not so much to restrictive laws which in the working are sometimes provocative, as it is to the improving character of our race. People are now better educated, have more intelligence, and are better balanced than formerly, and as the years roll on this condition should increase. Whereas in the past the people needed to be governed, they are now fit to govern themselves.

The Liquor Commission therefore should have an easy task. The so-called question they are asked to solve is rapidly solving itself, and it is to be hoped that any policy resulting will be constructive rather than destructive.—Yours, &c.,
R. G. FIFE.

Hove.

September 23rd, 1929.

THE FARMER, ACCOUNTS, AND THE INCOME-TAX

SIR,—We are, perforce, becoming a nation of income-tax experts, and many people, especially farmers, must have read with interest the letters from your two correspondents in which they courteously "put me wise" on this subject. I entirely agree with Mr. Hellyar that the farmer is very well treated under the Income Tax Acts. My point, however, was that it is not fair to assume that the larger farmers do not keep proper accounts merely because they prefer to be assessed under Schedule B. Mr. Parke raises a different point, and he certainly suggests a very simple way of dealing with the farmer's *pons asinorum*, the form issued under rule 6 of Schedule B. It sounds almost too good to be true, because I happen to be faced with that form at the present moment, and was wondering how to value my hay, now at famine prices, and some store cattle which I gather can be given away with a pound of tea. I do not feel sure that all county authorities would accept a valuation based on the same price each year, but I promise Mr. Parke that I will try the experiment.—Yours, &c.,
G. T. GARRATT.

West Green Farm, Barrington, Cambs.

September 22nd, 1929.

PALESTINE

SIR,—Mr. J. W. Poynter, in the concluding paragraphs of his letter in your issue of September 14th, roundly condemns the Balfour Declaration as a mistake, a piece of injustice, a violation of the principle of equality. Nobody will wish to impute to Mr. Poynter that bias which he disclaims; but I suggest that an appreciation of the fundamental facts of the case is no less necessary than freedom from bias.

The case for the Balfour Declaration from the Jewish point of view (with which alone I am here concerned) rests in the first place on the "historic connection" of the Jewish people with Palestine. That phrase, which appears in the preamble of the Mandate, is not merely a phrase. The great majority of Jews have never ceased to look to Palestine as the centre of their national memories and hopes. The Jewish religion, which is currently assumed to be the sole bond of union between Jews in different countries, is essentially Palestino-centric, and loses its distinctive char-

acter if an attempt is made (as it has been by certain "reforming" sects) to purge it of those elements which postulate an eternal association between its adherents and the land of their forefathers.

This "historic connection" might have counted for nothing in the world of international politics if it had remained confined to the realm of ideas. In fact, it had been bearing practical fruit for a generation and more before the war. Jews had been returning to Palestine, tilling its soil, redeeming its waste places, laying the foundations of a distinctive Hebrew life and culture. The Balfour Declaration and the transfer of Palestine to British control have greatly accelerated that process, and Palestine has already been transformed by Jewish effort from a derelict land into a country to which the world can look for some contribution to the common stock of material and spiritual goods. And these Jews who are regenerating Palestine have not gone there—as members of other peoples have gone to backward lands—to impose themselves as a conquering minority on the "natives." They have gone, whether under Turkish or under British rule, as men and women *returning home*. If they object to being treated as "natives," that is because their level of culture entitles them to something better; and it is not their fault if the majority of the Arabs have not yet the same valid ground of objection. Despite this difference of cultural level, they have, by their complete identification of themselves with the land, recognized implicitly that principle of equality which Mr. Poynter upholds. Their work has been of enormous benefit to the Arab inhabitants of Palestine, with whom they desire friendly and equal relations, and whose co-operation in the development of the country they would welcome. What they do demand, and are entitled to demand as a minimum, is freedom to develop their own life and institutions in their own distinctive way, with all the help that they can get from their fellow-Jews in other countries, and full practical recognition of the truth enunciated in Mr. Churchill's White Paper interpreting the Balfour Declaration—that they and those who are to follow them are and will be in Palestine "as of right, and not on sufferance."

There is no question here of any "ascendancy of a minority over a majority." That is expressly ruled out by the Balfour Declaration, and even more clearly by the White Paper just mentioned—which, indeed, is regarded by many Zionists as having whittled away something of what might reasonably be read into the necessarily vague Declaration itself. That in practice the British administration has been conducted on lines which make the suggestion of Jewish "ascendancy" look a little absurd—that is a fact familiar to all who have followed Palestinian affairs during the last dozen years.

The case for the Balfour Declaration from the Jewish point of view might be developed at much greater length; but I have, I think, said enough to satisfy any fair-minded person of its substantial justice.—Yours, &c.,
LEON SIMON.

7, Briardale Gardens, N.W.3.

September 16th, 1929.

FRUITS OF LEGAL BARBARISM

SIR,—May I mention a few facts relevant to the case put in the excellent and courageous article under the above title?

(1) The maternal death-rate for 1928 is higher than for any year since 1911.

(2) At a recent medical Conference, Dr. Comyns Berkeley, senior obstetric surgeon at the Middlesex Hospital, pointed out that the induction of abortion is not dangerous, when performed by skilled surgeons under aseptic conditions. Russia proves it! Lamentations about abortion as fatal *in itself* are—just theology!

(3) Some minds fly to more prohibition, more penalties. The M.O.H. for Wigan urges: "There should be far greater vigilance, and a service of detectives should be employed for this purpose alone." More Goddard, in short! I recommend, not spies, but liberty. Complete access to the latest technique in contraception, with the right to abortion on the woman's demand, up to the fourth month, with skilled

surgery and asepsis. Early abortion can be as hygienic as contraception—and in other respects even preferable. To the modern conscience, not abortion, but forced motherhood is the crime.—Yours, &c.,

F. W. STELLA BROWNE.

WELSH ROMANCES

SIR,—As one of the co-translators of the "Mabinogion," which was so very kindly reviewed in your last issue of THE NATION, may I be permitted to enter a mild protest against the characterization of the original mediæval audiences as "excitable savages."

Anyone conversant with the story of Wales cannot but be impressed with the fact that these tales, and the poetry of the period, were redacted and composed by men of the highest culture for a people far more advanced in civilization than most of their contemporaries. It is only necessary to read the literature of the time in Wales, side by side with either the English or the French literature of the same time (there was practically none in English) to leave very little room for doubt on that point.

Your reviewer's reference to Tennyson's indebtedness to the "Mabinogion" for "Cereint and Enid" (*inter alia*) is quite correct, though perhaps slightly understated. His romance is little more than a recast metrical version in English, taken direct from Lady Guest's translation of the Welsh story.—Yours, &c.,

T. P. ELLIS.

Dolgelley, Merioneth.

September 21st, 1929.

BEAU BRUMMELL

WHEN Cowper, in the seclusion of Olney, was roused to anger by the thought of the Duchess of Devonshire and predicted a time when "instead of a girdle there will be a rent, and instead of beauty, baldness," he was acknowledging the power of the lady whom he thought so despicable. Why, otherwise, should she haunt the damp solitudes of Olney? Why should the rustle of her silken skirts disturb those gloomy meditations? Undoubtedly the Duchess was a good haunter. Long after those words were written, when she was dead and buried beneath a tinsel coronet, her ghost mounted the stairs of a very different dwelling place. An old man was sitting in his arm-chair at Caen. The door opened, and the servant announced, "The Duchess of Devonshire." Beau Brummell at once rose, went to the door and made a bow that would have graced the Court of St. James's. Only, unfortunately, there was nobody there. The cold air blew up the staircase of an Inn. The Duchess was long dead, and Beau Brummell, in his old age and imbecility, was dreaming that he was back in London again giving a party. Cowper's curse had come true for both of them. The Duchess lay in her shroud, and Brummell, whose clothes had been the envy of kings, had now only one pair of much-mended trousers, which he hid as best he could under a tattered cloak. As for his hair, that had been shaved by order of the doctor.

But though Cowper's sour predictions had thus come to pass, both the Duchess and the dandy might claim that they had had their day. They had been great figures in their time. Of the two, perhaps Brummell might boast the more miraculous career. He had no advantage of birth, and but little of fortune. His grandfather had let rooms in St. James's Street. He had only a moderate capital of thirty thousand pounds to begin with, and his beauty, of figure rather than of face, was marred by a broken nose. Yet without a single noble, important, or valuable action to his credit he cuts a figure; he stands for a symbol; his ghost walks among us still. The reason for this eminence is now a little difficult to determine. Skill of hand and nicety of judgment were his, of course, otherwise he would

not have brought the art of tying neck-cloths to perfection. The story is, perhaps, too well known—how he drew his head far back and sunk his chin slowly down so that the cloth wrinkled in perfect symmetry, or if one wrinkle was too deep or too shallow, the cloth was thrown into a basket and the attempt renewed, while the Prince of Wales sat hour after hour watching. Yet skill of hand and nicety of judgment were not enough. Brummell owed his ascendancy to some curious combination of wit, of taste, of insolence, of independence—for he was never a toady—which it were too heavy handed to call a philosophy of life, but served the purpose. At any rate, ever since he was the most popular boy at Eton coolly jesting when they were for throwing a bargee into the river, "My good fellows, don't send him into the river; the man is evidently in a high state of perspiration, and it almost amounts to a certainty that he will catch cold," he floated buoyantly and gaily and without apparent effort to the top of whatever society he found himself among. Even when he was a captain in the Tenth Hussars and so scandalously inattentive to duty that he only knew his troop by "the very large blue nose" of one of the men, he was liked and tolerated. When he resigned his commission, for the regiment was to be sent to Manchester—and "I really could not go—think, your Royal Highness, Manchester!"—he had only to set up house in Chesterfield Street to become the head of the most jealous and exclusive society of his time. For example, he was at Almack's one night talking to Lord —. The Duchess of — was there, escorting her young daughter, Lady Louisa. The Duchess caught sight of Mr. Brummell, and at once warned her daughter that if that gentleman near the door came and spoke to them she was to be careful to impress him favourably, "for," and she sank her voice to a whisper, "he is the celebrated Mr. Brummell." Lady Louisa might well have wondered why a Mr. Brummell was celebrated, and why a Duke's daughter need take care to impress a Mr. Brummell. And then directly he began to move towards them the reason of her mother's warning became apparent. The grace of his carriage was so astonishing; his bows were so exquisite. Everybody looked overdressed or badly dressed—some, indeed, looked positively dirty beside him. His clothes seemed to melt into each other with the perfection of their cut and the quiet harmony of their colour. Without a single point of emphasis everything was distinguished—from his bow to the way he opened his snuff-box, with his left hand invariably. He was the personification of freshness and cleanliness and order. One could well believe that he had his chair brought into his dressing-room and was deposited at Almack's without letting a puff of wind disturb his curls or a spot of mud stain his shoes. When he actually spoke to her, Lady Louisa would be at first enchanted—no one was more agreeable, more amusing, had a manner that was more flattering and enticing—and then she would be puzzled. It was quite possible that before the evening was out he would ask her to marry him, and yet his manner of doing it was such that the most ingenuous débutante could not believe that he meant it seriously. His odd grey eyes seemed to contradict his lips; they had a look in them which made the sincerity of his compliments very doubtful. And then he said very cutting things about other people. They were not exactly witty; they were certainly not profound; but they were so skilful, so adroit—they had a turn to them which made them slip into the mind and stay there when more important phrases were forgotten. He had downed the Regent himself with his dexterous "Who's your fat friend?" and his method was the same with humbler people who snubbed him or bored him. "Why, what could

I do, my good fellow, but cut the connection? I discovered that Lady Mary actually ate cabbage!"—so he explained to a friend his failure to marry a lady. And, again, when some dull citizen pestered him about his tour to the North, "Which of the lakes do I admire?" he asked his valet. "Windermere, sir." "Ah, yes—Windermere, so it is—Windermere." That was his style, flickering, sneering, hovering on the verge of insolence, skimming the edge of nonsense, but always keeping within some curious mean, so that one knew the false Brummell story from the true by its exaggeration. Brummell would never have said, "Wales, ring the bell," any more than he would have worn a brightly coloured waistcoat or a glaring necktie. That "certain exquisite propriety," which Lord Byron remarked in his dress, stamped his manner, his whole being, and made him appear cool, refined, and debonair among the gentlemen who talked only of sport, which Brummell detested, and smelt of the stable, which Brummell never visited. Lady Louisa might well be on tenter hooks to impress Mr. Brummell favourably. Mr. Brummell's good opinion was of the utmost importance in the world of Lady Louisa.

And unless that world fell into ruins his rule seemed assured. Handsome, heartless, and cynical, the Beau seemed invulnerable. His taste was impeccable, his health admirable; and his figure as fine as ever. His rule had lasted many years and survived many vicissitudes. The French Revolution had passed over his head without disordering a single hair. Empires had risen and fallen while he experimented with the crease of a neck-cloth and criticized the cut of a coat. Now the battle of Waterloo had been fought and peace had come. And it was the peace that undid him. For some time past he had been winning and losing at the gaming tables. Harriette Wilson had heard that he was ruined, and then, not without disappointment, that he was safe again. Now, with the armies disbanded, there was let loose upon London a horde of rough, ill-mannered men who had been fighting all those years and were determined to enjoy themselves. They flooded the gaming houses. They played very high. Brummell was forced into competition. He lost and won and vowed never to play again, and then he did play again. At last his remaining ten thousand pounds was gone. He borrowed until he could borrow no more. And finally, to crown the loss of so many thousands, he lost the sixpenny bit with a hole in it which had always brought him good luck. He gave it by mistake to a hackney-coachman: that rascal Rothschild got hold of it, he said, and that was the end of his luck. Such was his own account of the affair—other people put a less innocent interpretation on the matter. At any rate, there came a day, May 16th, 1816, to be precise, and it was a day upon which everything was precise, when he dined alone off a cold fowl and a bottle of claret at Watier's, attended the opera, and then took coach for Dover. He drove rapidly all through the night and reached Calais the day after. He never set foot in England again.

And now a curious process of disintegration set in. The peculiar and highly artificial society of London had acted as a preservative; it had kept him in being; it had concentrated him into one single gem. Now that the pressure was removed, the odds and ends, so trifling separately, so brilliant in combination, which had made up the being of the Beau, fell asunder and revealed what lay beneath. At first his lustre seemed undiminished. His old friends crossed the water to see him and made a point of standing him a dinner and leaving a little present behind them at his bankers. He held his usual levée at his lodgings; he spent the usual hours washing and dressing;

he rubbed his teeth with a red root, tweezed out his hairs with a silver tweezer, tied his cravat to admiration, and issued out at four precisely as perfectly equipped as if the Rue Royale had been St. James's Street and the Prince himself had hung upon his arm. But the Rue Royale was not St. James's Street; the old French Countess who spat on the floor was not the Duchess of Devonshire; the good bourgeois who pressed him to dine off goose at four was not Lord Alvanley; and though he soon won for himself the title of Roi de Calais, and was known to workmen as "George, ring the bell," the praise was gross, the society coarse, and the amusements of Calais very slender. The Beau had to fall back upon the resources of his own mind. These might have been considerable. According to Lady Hester Stanhope, he might have been, had he chosen, a very clever man; and when she told him so, the Beau admitted that he had wasted his talents because a dandy's way of life was the only one "which could place him in a prominent light, and enable him to separate himself from the ordinary herd of men, whom he held in considerable contempt." That way of life allowed of verse-making—his verses, called "The Butterfly's Funeral," were much admired; and of singing, and of some dexterity with the pencil. But now, when the summer days were so long and empty, he found that such accomplishments hardly served to while away the time. He tried to occupy himself with writing his memoirs; he bought a screen and spent hours pasting it with pictures of great men and beautiful ladies whose virtues and frailties were symbolized by hyenas, by wasps, by profusions of cupids, fitted together with extraordinary skill; he collected Buhl furniture; he wrote letters in a curiously elegant and elaborate style to ladies. But these occupations palled. The resources of his mind had been whittled away in the course of years; now they soon gave out. And then the crumbling process went a little further, and another organ was laid bare—the heart. He who had played at love all these years and kept so adroitly beyond the range of passion, now made violent advances to girls who were young enough to be his daughters. He wrote such passionate letters to Mademoiselle Ellen of Caen that she did not know whether to laugh or to be angry. She was angry, and the Beau, who had tyrannized over the daughters of Dukes, prostrated himself before her in despair. But it was too late—the heart after all these years was not a very engaging object even to a simple country girl, and he seems at last to have lavished his affections upon animals. He mourned his terrier Vick for three weeks; he had a friendship with a mouse; he became the champion of all the neglected cats and starving dogs in Caen. Indeed, he said to a lady that if a man and a dog were drowning in the same pond he would prefer to save the dog if there were nobody looking. But he was still persuaded that everybody was looking; and his immense regard for appearances gave him a certain stoical endurance. Thus, when paralysis struck him at dinner he left the table without a sign; sunk deep in debt as he was, he still picked his way over the cobbles on the points of his toes to preserve his shoes, and when the terrible day came and he was thrown into prison he won the admiration of murderers and thieves by appearing among them as cool and courteous as if about to pay a morning call. But if he were to continue to act his part, it was essential that he should be supported—he must have a sufficiency of boot polish, gallons of eau-de-Cologne, and three changes of linen every day. His expenditure upon these items was enormous. Generous as his old friends were, and persistently as he supplicated them, there came a time when they could be squeezed no longer. It was decreed that he was to content himself with one change

of linen daily, and his allowance was to admit of necessities only. But how could a Brummell exist upon necessities only? The demand was absurd. Soon afterwards he showed his sense of the gravity of the situation by mounting a black silk neck-cloth. Black silk neck-cloths had always been his aversion. It was the signal of the end. After that everything that had supported him and kept him in being dissolved. His self-respect vanished. He would dine with anyone who would pay the bill. His memory weakened and he told the same story over and over again till the burghers of Caen were bored. Then his manners degenerated. His extreme cleanliness lapsed into carelessness, and then into positive filth. People objected to his presence in the dining-room of the hotel. Then his mind went—he thought that the Duchess of Devonshire was coming up the stairs when it was only the wind. At last but one passion remained intact among the crumbled débris—an immense greed. To buy Rheims biscuits he sacrificed the greatest treasure that remained to him—he sold his snuff-box. And then nothing was left but a heap of disagreeables, a mass of corruption, a senile and disgusting old man fit only for the charity of nuns and the protection of an asylum. There the clergyman begged him to pray. “‘I do try,’ he said, but he added something which made me doubt whether he understood me.” Certainly, he would try; for he had always been polite. He had been polite to thieves and to duchesses and to religion itself. But it was no use trying any longer. He could believe in nothing now except a hot fire, sweet biscuits, and another cup of coffee if he asked for it. And so there was nothing for it but that the Beau who had been compact of grace and sweetness should be shuffled into the grave like any other ill-dressed, ill-bred, unneeded, old man. Still, one must remember Byron, in his moments of dandyism, “always pronounced the name of Brummell with a mingled emotion of respect and jealousy.”

THE COUNTESS TOLSTOY'S LATER DIARY

[We publish below further extracts from the authorized translation, by Alexander Werth, of the Countess Tolstoy's diary from 1891-1897. The diary forms the direct sequel of the earlier *Diary* (The Diary of Tolstoy's Wife, 1860-1891) which aroused so much interest. We print these extracts by arrangement with Victor Gollancz, Ltd., who will publish the complete book next month. Previous extracts appeared in our issues of September 7th, 14th, and 21st.—ED., NATION.]

January 26th, 1895.

... Then Masha and I looked through the proofs of Lyova's story, “Master and Man.” It annoys me that he should have given it to the “Northern Messenger.” I can't make head or tail of his ideas. If he had published it *gratis* through the *Posrednik* firm, anyone could have bought Tolstoy's new story for twenty copeks. But now the public will have to pay thirteen roubles before it can read this story. That's why I cannot share my husband's ideas—which are false and insincere. It is all so strained and artificial, and the basis is all wrong; it is all vanity, this endless thirst for fame, this everlasting desire to become more and more and more popular. No one believes what I say, and everyone's indifference is terribly painful.

It is past 1 a.m. Lyova has gone to some committee meeting organized—I don't know what for—by Prince Dmitri Shakhovskoy. All the lamps are burning, his butler is waiting for him, and I have just cooked his porridge for him and have stuck in the proof-sheets. In the meantime they just talk. And at eight to-morrow I will have to get

up and give Vanya his quinine and take his temperature—while he will go on sleeping. And then he'll go out and carry water without even asking how the child is and whether the mother is not too tired with all these cares. How very little kindness his family gets from him! He is austere and indifferent. And his biographies will tell of how he helped the labourers to carry buckets of water, but no one will ever know that he never gave his wife a rest and never—in all these thirty-two years—gave his child a drink of water or spent five minutes by his bedside to give me a chance to rest a little, to sleep, or go out for a walk, or even just recover from all my labours.

February 5th.

... I remember Turgenev, when he came to Yasnaya Polyana and we went shooting snipe in the springtime, Lyova standing behind one tree, and Turgenev and I beside another. I asked him then why he had stopped writing. He bent down, and, looking round in mock alarm, said: “I don't think anyone can hear us except the trees. So let me tell you, my dear [he used to call everybody “my dear” in his old age]—before I am able to write anything, I must first of all experience the fever of love—and now it's impossible!” “That's a pity,” said I; and added jokingly: “But why don't you try to fall in love with me—and then you might write something.” “No, it's too late,” he replied.

June 7th.

To-day I woke up for the first time with a sudden awareness of the beauty of nature; and my feeling was *virginal*—I mean, without associations, without the recollection of anyone *through* whom I might have loved the beautiful nature of this countryside in the past. Some time ago I worked out a whole theory of the *virginal* attitude to religion, art, and nature. Religion is pure and virginal when it is not connected with all those Fathers Ambrosius, and John, or the Catholic Fathers (*confesseurs*), but connects my heart with God alone. Then it is helpful.

Art is pure and virginal when you love it for its own sake and without reference to the artist (*e.g.*, Hofmann, Gé, or Taneyev, to whose art Lev Nikolaevich is so partial, just because he happens to like or dislike them—or my relation to L. N. himself), then alone can art be a great and pure delight.

July 21st, 1897.

... Masha told me to-day that Ilya was rather annoyed that they should all be talking of my affection for Taneyev at my sister Tanya's in Kiev and at the Filosofov's. Public opinion is a queer thing. According to it, it is evil to love. But all this gossip doesn't upset or worry me. I am even proud to be connected in peoples' minds with such a wonderful, kind, talented, and moral man. I have a clear conscience; I am as pure as a new-born babe in body, soul, and even mind in the eyes of God, my husband, and my children.—I know that I have never loved, and never will love, anyone with a better and stronger love than I have loved my husband. Sometimes when I see him, I am filled with joy—I love his eyes, his smile, his conversation, which is never coarse (except in moments of anger, but let us forget about that), and his constant desire for self-perfection.

July 25th.

... As I was sitting alone on the balcony to-day I said to myself: surely, I am living in a good world. Yasnaya Polyana is lovely, my life is so quiet, my husband devoted to me; I have no money worries—why am I not perfectly happy? Is it my fault? I know all the causes

of my heartache. First, I am sad because my children are not as happy as I should like them to be, and because I too am terribly lonely. My husband is not a friend to me; he has been at times—and especially in his old age—my passionate lover. But I have been lonely all my life. He will not go out for walks with me, for he likes to ponder over his writings in solitude. He has never been interested in my children—he found them tedious and unpleasant. He would never travel with me anywhere or share any impressions with me—he knew everything and had travelled everywhere before my time. As for me, I have gone silently and obediently through life—a calm, quiet, uneventful and impersonal kind of life. And now I sometimes have a passionate longing for new impressions—new forms of art, new scenery, something new to think about; I want to gain some new knowledge and meet some new people—but again I have to suppress these desires and go on, patiently and silently, as before. And so to the end of life. It is just my fate. My fate has been to serve my husband, the author. Perhaps I ought not to complain; for I have served a man who was worthy of the sacrifice.

August 31st, 1897.

... My children are not at all what I should like them to be; I wanted them to be well educated, and refined in their tastes and with a sense of duty. Lev Nikolaevich wanted them to lead a simple life, and to do some hard, rough work, and we both wanted them to have high moral ideals. But it has all failed! The day before yesterday I came back to Yasnaya Polyana, tired and worn out. Lev Nikolaevich met me on the road near the house, and sat down in the carriage beside me, but did not inquire after the children. How it always hurts me! There were crowds of people at home: Dunayev, Dubensky and his wife (Tsurikova), Rostovtsev, and Sergeyenko. All the rooms are taken up with people and the chatter goes on all day. I found it very trying. All these people are expecting something from Lev Nikolaevich, so he has decided to write an open letter to be printed abroad. The point is that, Nobel, the Swedish kerosene man, left a will in which he bequeathed all his millions to the man who would do most for the cause of peace—i.e., against war. They had a meeting in Sweden, where they decided that Vereshchagin had made a powerful protest against war with his paintings. But it was later discovered that he had done it not on principle, but accidentally. Then it was said that Lev Nikolaevich deserved to inherit the fortune. Of course, he would not take the money, but he has written a letter saying that the Dukhobor sect—who had refused to do their military service and had severely suffered for it—had done most for the cause of peace. At first I had nothing against the letter, but later I found that Lev Nikolaevich had attacked the Russian Government in it, in the most coarse and aggressive terms, and for no apparent reason—just for the fun of it. This greatly upset me, and, in a state of nervous excitement, I wept and blamed Lev Nikolaevich for not sparing himself and for molesting the Government for no apparent reason. I even wanted to leave the house—for it is hard to live under this constant threat; for Lev Nikolaevich might some day write something really spiteful and desperate against the Government, and then we would be deported.

He was much moved by my sorrow, and he promised not to send the letter. But to-day he again decided to send it, though in a milder form. As for me, I suddenly grew quite indifferent to everything—just from an instinct of self-preservation; for one can't go on spending sleepless nights like last night, and weeping and worrying all day long.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Veronica," or "The Secret," Arts Theatre.

"**V**ERONICA," or "The Secret," the new play by Mr. C. K. Munro, at the Arts Theatre, has a good idea behind it. Veronica gets as much money as she can out of business men in order to make her husband (a "great painter") financially independent of her, and to be able herself to go into a Sisterhood. She collects the money by never giving the business men what they want and by always telling the truth. At the end of the play she has succeeded in getting her husband to bolt with a business man's wife, in inducing two millionaires to finance an exhibition, and in herself entering the Sisterhood. And it is all done by telling the truth. The idea seemed to be better than the realization. There was a good deal too much of Mr. Shaw's heritage lying about in both the characters and the dialogue, while the brawling, stupidity, and dishonesty of the commercial magnates, though no doubt perfect as a photograph, got tiresome in the long run. As usual with Mr. Munro, the play is too long, and it is less theatrical (in the good sense) than is usual with him. Mr. Ernest Thesiger was extremely droll as the great artist. But he seemed to reduce to meaninglessness a character intended apparently to resemble Cézanne. It was quite obvious that Mr. Thesiger's artist could never have painted anything. But he, at any rate, brought a little life on to the stage.

"The Calendar," Wyndham's Theatre.

"The Calendar," Mr. Edgar Wallace's new play at Wyndham's Theatre, has about as bad a first act as it has ever been my fate to see on the stage. Afterwards, however, the play bucks up wonderfully. The plot is quite thick. Not being an authority on racing (like the bad man of the play), some of the flavour escaped me, a good many points, which seemed to me merely idiotic, being received with delight by a sophisticated audience. The details of the story, however, which narrates the black corruption of a thoroughly bad woman and her subsequent exposure, were very well worked out indeed, and Mr. Wallace is never short for a good "curtain." The production, which was in the hands of the author, was often ingenious. I much liked the view of the Ascot racecourse from the back of the grand stand, and also a meeting of some representatives of the Jockey Club. But there was too much "pawing" for my taste. Mr. Gordon Harker, in an excellent part which "acted itself," makes the best of all his openings as an ex-convict butler, while Mr. Owen Nares reveals himself a complete fool without sacrificing our sympathy. Mr. Nigel Bruce, chronically alcoholized, got everything half wrong with conviction. On the whole good, Edgar Wallace, though I wish this distinguished author would resist an unfortunate tendency to epigram, "A prig is a man who says the right thing to the wrong person," does not carry enough weight (to use the language of the turf).

"Jew Süs," Duke of York's.

The extreme unsophistication of this play is an irony at the expense of the audience that knows its book. For if Mr. Ashley Dukes does not translate Feuchtwanger into terms of the theatre, he very clearly does translate him into English in more than the literal sense. "You coin silver but you breed gold," is this Duke's pretty compliment to his pandar. And he gives the note of the play—a characteristically English one of a determination not to be denied one's lusts together with the desire to behave nicely. The play consequently is seen as an original and beautiful essay in melodrama, having colour, deftness, wit, and economy in narration. It is good to have Mr. Lang back, technically incomparable, and with his own magnificently masculine utterance substituting the English language for the frailer Chelsea refinements so often made to pass. After his Süs, chief honours must go to Miss Peggy Ashcroft, who steadily declines to insist on her sex after the manner of our fashionable "sympathetic" actresses, and makes Naomi gently sincere and moving. There are good performances, too, from Messrs. Frank Harvey, Felix Aylmer, Stanley Howlett, and John Garside—excellent in a tiny study of

a town councillor on the defensive. For once we are begrudged the joy of watching Mr. Bromley Davenport as the wisest owl, for both he and Miss Joan Maude are faced with the old dilemma of having to attempt realistic acting in parts conceived sentimentally. The settings and costumes of Messrs. Aubrey Hammond and Herbert Norris are the best work of two fine artists. And Mr. Constant Lambert's score for the ballet includes the lovely Pastorale of Scarlatti.

"Emma Hamilton," New Theatre.

There are many annoying things about this play, but perhaps its most irritating quality is its irreconciled mixture of sensuality and sentiment. Emma Hamilton's was not a life to be sentimentalized about, while it was surely her spirit rather than her compliance which needed stressing; and this is not a convincing creation as a whole, even of an Emma of Mr. Thurston's own devising. In spite of sticking to the facts, or perhaps because of it, he has missed the reality, and the other characters, too, suffer from having the facts thrust upon them. Miss Mary Newcomb as Emma fails to be convincing, partly on account of the writing, but also because she never seems wholeheartedly to get the hang of Mr. Thurston's conception. Mr. Ion Swinley as Greville enters thoroughly into his part, and by acting it well shows what a lamentable affair it is. A little fire enters the stage in the third act with Mr. Leslie Banks as Nelson, but it only throws Emma more in the shade. The best things about the play are Mr. Leslie Banks's settings, which are delightfully characteristic of the period, and Mr. Norman O'Neill's music, though nobody listens to it.

Grand Guignol Plays, Gate Theatre Studio.

The primary purpose of Grand Guignol plays is, I take it, to horrify, to play on the nerves rather than the emotions. In the public theatres where the form has been attempted this purpose has always been defeated by the censorship, and most of the plays have been luke-cold. But with the freedom of the Gate Theatre from official restriction, Mr. Godfrey had an opportunity to show us real, blood-freezing, Rue Chaptal Guignol. It would not have been a particularly noble thing to have done, but if he is going to attempt it at all, he ought surely to go the whole hog. None of these four plays is a whole-hogger. Even the traditional farce is a mere revue joke—quite a good one, by Mr. H. C. G. Stevens, but not the kind of piece that will perform its traditional function of nerve-soother. The only really good play is the last one, "The Admiralty Regrets," by Mr. H. P. Plumstead, in which we see the crew of a sunken submarine slowly dying. This is written in the formula of "Journey's End," and has something of its quality. It would, however, have been very much more effective if written in one long episode instead of four. The dropping of the curtain relieves the tension just when, for Guignol purposes, it should not be relieved. Of the other two plays, "The End of the Trail" relies for its thrill entirely on the last few seconds, when a railway accident is heard off; and "Max Hensig" is too involved and pretentious to be truly horrible. The acting, with one or two weak spots, is very good indeed, especially that of Mr. Graveley Edwards, Mr. W. E. C. Jenkins, Mr. Derrick de Marney (a first-rate screamer), Miss Beatrix Lehmann, and Mr. Godfrey himself, as a philosophic fatalist-cum-cockney humorist in the submarine play.

"Round the World with Car and Camera," Shaftesbury Avenue Pavilion.

A record by film of a tour round the world, whether by car or any other means of transport, is a difficult thing to make interesting, and the difficulty must necessarily lie in infusing into an onlooker the thrilling interest the recorders experienced—not in finding sufficient interest itself. Wisely, the pictures of Sphinxes and Temples, of which there are not too many, have been at least hazily connected with personal experiences, and the personality of Miss Aloha Wanderwell, who arranged and led the tour, forms a reasonably efficient connecting link. The more individual the experiences, the more interesting does the

film become, and one of the best parts of all shows the party encountering war and floods in China. There are some good pictures, also, taken on the borders of Soviet Russia; and some thrilling ones of high seas breaking over the vessel in which the party shipped, with its cars, across the Pacific. The photography has been well done, and the unity which a film of this kind must of necessity lack is compensated for by the picturesque, unusual, and occasionally illuminating views from well-considered angles of dully familiar places and buildings.

* * *

Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Sunday, September 29th.—

Mr. C. Delisle Burns, on "America and Civilization," Conway Hall, 11.

Repertory Players, in "Azais," by M. Georges Beer and M. Louis Verneuil, at the Strand.

Monday, September 30th.—

"The Bachelor Father," by Mr. Edward Childs Carpenter, at the Globe.

The Snow String Quartet, Wigmore Hall, 8.15.

Tuesday, October 1st.—

"Happy Families," by Audrey and Waveney Carten and Jane Ross, at the Garrick.

Professor Harold J. Laski, on "The Dangers of Conformity," Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, 7.

Wednesday, October 2nd.—

"Time and the Hour," by Mr. Douglas Murray, at the Arts Theatre.

London Concert Orchestra, Æolian Hall, 8.15.

Vyra David, Song Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.15.

Thursday, October 3rd.—

"Follow Through," New Musical Comedy, at the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Road.

Lionel Tertis, Viola Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.

Friday, October 4th.—

Professor Ramsay Muir, on "The Industrial Outlook," Morley College, 8.

THE WOODS IN DROUGHT

The heavy air is thick with down;

Through all the forest downward drips

A rain of blossom; the leaves drown

The voice of birds; the drugged bee sips,

In soft bloom buried to the hips;

The sunbeams waver like a breath

On a cold mirror at the lips

Of some poor sinner nigh to death.

When will the tempest break? Heed not;

But glide into the arms of Sleep,

Like yon gorged bird into its grot

Leaf-hidden in the ash-bole deep.

When the trees wail and the rains weep

Is time enough to waken. Lay

Thy weary head upon a heap

Of leaves, and dream the world away.

What sense of doom has yonder rose

Whose slender leaves the sunbeams curl

In prelude of her death? She throws

Her breast out like a panting girl

Grown tired of dancing. Lo! the merle

Links up a chain of merry sound

Like phantom chimes on bells of pearl

Tolled by mermaids for the drowned.

And here I lie beneath a sea,

In leafy fathoms the wind stirs

With elfin touch that furtively

Fingers the boughs like dulcimers.

A sunbeam filters down and blurs

The green abyss with silver haze;

And up that ladder, unawares,

My soul climbs to the light, and prays.

WILFRID THORLEY.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

AD ASTRA ?

"THE Ascent of Humanity," by Gerald Heard (Cape, 15s.), is a book which makes heavy demands upon the reader, and still heavier upon the critic. It is extremely original, and contains a theory, a philosophy of history, new, ingenious, important, and illuminating. The wealth of historical and miscellaneous knowledge upon which Mr. Heard draws in order to explain and support his theory is remarkable, and gives to his pages a richness which reminds one of the richness of the richest plum cake. That kind of plum cake is notoriously indigestible, and the mental indigestibility of Mr. Heard's book will tax all but the strongest stomachs. This is partly due to his style. His method of writing is obviously natural to him, closely following his thought; but his thoughts follow a path peculiar to himself, which the ordinary mind finds it difficult—sometimes almost a torture—to follow. Where I, and, I think, practically everyone else, would naturally take the verbal path abcd, Mr. Heard will inevitably take the path aedcb. This habit of mind produces such a sentence as "That there was any such world, from the behaviour of the religious the layman, now that he had begun to think about it, felt an increasing uncertainty," or "Thus the kingly rule as it curbed the monastic development also prevented a city-state secular, social relaxation and postponed the development of individuality until these royal powers themselves were short-sighted enough to destroy the monastic system." One has to read hundreds of sentences in this book two or three times over before one sees exactly how they are to be construed—indeed, if I had not read Mr. Heard's book so carefully, I should be certain that the second sentence quoted by me contained a printer's error. Every now and then this curiously twisted style writhes itself into a pattern or rhythm which is very impressive or even beautiful, but for the most part it increases the difficulty of understanding a book which the subject-matter itself already makes sufficiently difficult to understand.

Mr. Heard's thesis as an explanation of the past, his philosophy of history, is original, but really not difficult either to explain or to understand. It is one of those vast generalizations with which Spengler and other modern thinkers have familiarized us. He maintains that the history of human beings has been determined not by biology, economics, climate, or disease, but by man's psychic evolution. Thus he offers us a psychological interpretation of history. Man's psychic evolution, and therefore the history of his civilizations, have hitherto followed a spiral course. They have been determined by the emergence of individuality. The consciousness of primitive man living in primitive communities was entirely different from ours. His was a "co-consciousness," an instinctive feeling of oneness with the community or tribe, and without any sense of individuality. Human history is the story of the emergence of human beings with consciousness of individuality and their clash with social systems based in co-consciousness. Politics, religion, society, the rise and fall of civilizations have all been determined by this struggle between the co-conscious and the individuals. Every civilization has hitherto perished, exploded when the increase of individuality went beyond what the organism could employ. But up to the seventeenth century the number of conscious individuals was always comparatively

few; the co-conscious were in an enormous majority. Then began the age of revolutions in which individuality spread for the first time to the masses. Civilization is therefore now in a dangerously unstable condition, for no society can continue to cohere in which every unit is a conscious individual. The alternative to dissolution is a return to co-consciousness in some form, but that is only a step backwards. Consequently the only hope is the evolution of a form of superconsciousness.

* * *

So far, Mr. Heard can advance many convincing examples and arguments in favour of his thesis. Like most people who have found something new and important, he over-emphasizes it. I do not believe that history and evolution can be explained in this simple way by the discovery and isolation of a single cause, but that does not alter the fact that the emergence of individuality has been one of the most important causes in the evolution of mankind, and that Mr. Heard, by his thesis, throws light into all sorts of dark corners of history. When, however, he leaves the past for the present and the future, he seems to me to wander off into a nebulous region where one can only stumble blindly from a bog of mysticism into a slough of quackery. That individuality is not enough, I agree, but that individuality can be transcended in the kind of superconsciousness which Mr. Heard describes or that a "common consciousness" can or does exist are theories for which there is not the slightest evidence.

* * *

Mr. Heard, it is clear, like so many other modern thinkers, has been profoundly influenced, in his attitude towards the evolution of that "most pernicious race of little odious vermin," man, by the modern discoveries in physics and astronomy. When man was the centre of the universe and assured of immortality, he could look up at the stars with patronizing confidence, for did they not flame in the sky for his convenience and enjoyment? They were the symbol of his final transfiguration, and the poets waved him on with the cheerful cry: "Ad astra." But to-day the stars give him cold comfort. If you want to know what they are really like, what the universe is (or, rather, universes are), according to modern astronomy, you should read "The Universe Around Us," by Sir James Jeans (Cambridge University Press, 12s. 6d.). It is an admirable companion volume to Mr. Heard's. Sir James Jeans has a genius for making the most difficult facts and theories of physics or astronomy apparently intelligible to the man without scientific or mathematical training. The sense of understanding may be illusory, but at any rate one gets from his pages a glimpse of what the discoveries of physicists and astronomers mean and of the methods by which they work. The glimpse which one gets of these universes of myriads of stars flaming through space is, if regarded from the point of view of man's aspirations, depressing and humiliating. One may gape at the stupendous figures of space and time and speed, one may win a little cold comfort from wondering at man's surprising ingenuity in robbing the universe of some of its fantastic secrets, but the spectacle, from every human point of view, is horrible and terrible in its meaninglessness. If the stars are what they seem to be in Sir James Jeans's book, they are the last place to which the free human spirit would care to go. And it seems to me that the free human spirit should leave it at that and not try to console itself with either the old or the new fairy tales.

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

NEW NOVELS

- A High Wind in Jamaica.** By RICHARD HUGHES. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.)
Harriet Hume. By REBECCA WEST. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)
Death of a Hero. By RICHARD ALDINGTON. (Chatto & Windus. 8s. 6d.)
Joy is My Name. By SARAH SALT. (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.)
Whatever Gods May Be. By ANDRÉ MAUROIS. (Cassell. 7s. 6d.)
Petruchio. By G. B. STERN. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.)
Black Roses. By FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)
The Rebels. By ALFRED NEUMANN. (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.)

MOST serious novel-readers must have felt during the past ten or twelve months that if fire and brimstone descended upon the race of novelists and destroyed them, the world would gain rather than lose. But a novel has just been written by Mr. Richard Hughes which explains and justifies the clemency of heaven. The loss of this strange story would have been a real loss, and for one reader at least it has done much to bury the unsavoury memory of upwards of a hundred great new works of fiction. The Bas-Thorntons are English people living in Jamaica seventy or more years ago. As a result of a particularly destructive hurricane they decide to ship their five children home. After adventures which it would be unfair to describe, four of the Thorntons and two children of another family do reach England. As the story is told, nothing in it is fantastic or incredible, while a great deal is pleasant and humorous.

"Pigs grow quickly, quicker even than children. . . . The little black porker soon grew to such a size one could not possibly allow him to lie on one's stomach any more: so, as his friendliness did not diminish, the functions were reversed, and it became a common thing to find one child, or a whole bench of them, sitting on his scaly side. . . . When a particularly heavy lot of children sat down on him at once, he uttered the faintest ghost of a little moan, as affecting as the wind in a very distant chimney, as if the air in him was being squeezed out through a pin-hole."

"One cannot wish for a more comfortable seat than an acquiescent pig."

"If I was the Queen," said Emily, "I should most certainly have a pig for a throne."

"Perhaps she has," suggested Harry."

There are many pieces of extraordinarily good descriptive writing that it would be a pleasure to quote if space permitted it. This quotation has been given partly for its own merits, but partly as a snare for the unwary child-lover, who is certain to be deceived by it as to the real nature of the book, and may therefore buy and read, and profit by it in a way in which he did not look to profit. "A High Wind in Jamaica" is not only unsentimental, but brutal—not in the fashion of "Jew Süss" or even of the Russians, but in the simple and quiet fashion of the ancient Hebrews or of the Saga-writers. The intonations of Mr. Hughes's style are generally so unlike the conventional intonations, adopted even by writers of the first order, for certain emotional situations or for tragic and violent events, that he may leave a number of people puzzled and dismayed. Though not a satire, the story produces an effect like that of "Candide" in a less sophisticated way, and in the lucidness and impartiality of the narrative, it is not unlike Voltaire. Emily Thornton is a most shrewd and sardonic study, a child of ten, not precocious, but as truly in conflict with herself and life as Levine or Lear. Her immaturity limits the conflict and makes it less sustained, but it is, on the other hand, less confused by experience. Her isolation, passions, and bewilderment are emphasised by her state of childhood, and Mr. Hughes makes a small fierce picture of her and of something universal.

Those who have it in mind to read both "A High Wind in Jamaica" and "Harriet Hume" would be wise to read "Harriet Hume" first, so that the unusual sincerity of Mr. Hughes's writing should not spoil their pleasure in an admirable but rather designing piece of work. This is a fantasy, but psychologically as rational as many novels—far more rational than some—and until the end not much more than a love story curiously and fantastically conceived. Miss West's imaginings, like small and gay balloons, tug at the strings which hold them to the earth, and appear to be eager to fly straight into the blue. But as the crisis of the

tale approaches, she has to choose between exploding the pretty things and letting them go free—a dilemma which sooner or later faces all fantasy writers. She decides to let them go, whereupon they flounder and flop about the stage, proving themselves not so aerial as we had anticipated. In addition to this, Arnold Condorex, the hero, who prefers fame to Harriet, grows a fiend for soliloquies in his middle age, and gives us far too many of those thoughts which were always mainly interesting because Harriet could read them. But "Harriet Hume" is full of attractive descriptions and neat pieces of observation; moreover, it has a calculated impudence and a suavity which are so far a cry from "The Judge" that it is hard to believe that Miss West wrote both books. But, much as one prefers the later novel to the earlier, it does not give the impression so much that Miss West has found herself as that she has found a cultivation and a form of wit that amuse her.

It can be fairly safely predicted that those who enjoy "Harriet Hume" will not enjoy either "Joy is My Name" or "Death of a Hero"—and quite a number of people may like none of the three. Apparently the primary object of both Mr. Aldington and Miss Salt is to tell the truth about something unpleasant. But one of the many odd things about the truth in novels is that it is often best told by those who are unconcerned with its existence and indifferent whether they tell it or hold their peace. Mr. Aldington wants to tell the whole truth or die—the truth about the vices of Victorian respectability, the truth about the Georgian reaction to respectability, and the truth about the War. And as two of these are pretty vile, and one is pretty pathetic, we are not on the whole surprised to find the author gritting his teeth a good deal and writing liberally in asterisks. But in the end only a modicum of the truth has come through, and not a very new modicum at that. With his sensitive and educated mind, Mr. Aldington could not write an undistinguished book, and his technique is no more unconventional than Mr. Aldous Huxley's. But his attitude and his intentions are antipathetic to the production of so good a novel as he could and should write. Miss Salt's way of saying how little life is worth living is less personal and less original. Joy is a pretty girl who wants to act and be good, but no one will give her work, though everyone she meets is willing to help her on the way to becoming a prostitute—a career which we are to understand, she finally adopts. This may be an accurate account of how prostitutes are made, but the book falls between two stools—it has neither the interest nor the graces to make good general reading, and it is not sufficiently documented to be of value to the League of Nations.

Of the remaining four novels, none of them negligible, "Whatever Gods May Be" is the best, and the first half of it, which might stand alone as a long-short story, is a delicate and living study of unhappy marriage ending in tragedy. There are echoes of Proust. Odile has traces of Odette in her character, and Philippe, in his unfounded jealousy devising his own torments, bears a pale resemblance to Swann. But otherwise the work is purely M. Maurois, a melancholy, cultured novel of rather small range. The life which it describes is in many respects like the Japanese life of the "Tale of Genji," and M. Maurois, though not an artist of the same quality as Lady Murasaki, sometimes draws the poetical from a familiar situation in a manner a little like hers. The second half is very much less effective. Philippe marries again, and this time finds himself more beloved than loving, and the cause of a jealousy to which he responds just as poor Odile in the former marriage responded to his own jealousy. As soon as this reversed pattern becomes clear, all motives for reading further perish.

In "Petruchio," an idealistic young Englishman marries an Italian peasant girl because she seems to him far too exquisite for a life of labour. She takes admirably to luxury and vanity, and despises her enslaved husband for marrying her: how he restores her to her senses and to the life for which she was born is amusingly told, but except for Modesta's, Miss Stern does not give us any noteworthy character study. "Black Roses" also deals with Italy and is competent in parts—the story of an English-Italian boy and his struggles to study art in Naples. He is loved by a wretched creature who steals parchments from her master

and keeper for the boy to use in covering the boxes which he sells as antiques. He survives an epidemic of cholera, and the story is written as the retrospection of the artist when he visits Naples again many years later. "The Rebels" is an account of the activities of the Carbonari, a long, well-written, circumstantial, and, within measure, interesting book. In fact it lacks nothing except inspiration.

LYN LL. IRVINE.

THE NEW ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA

The Encyclopædia Britannica. Fourteenth Edition. J. L. GARVIN, Editor in Chief; FRANKLIN H. HOOPER, American Editor. 24 vols. (Encyclopædia Britannica Co.)

THE wonderful discoveries that have been made in many branches of science in the first quarter of this century, and the consequent changes in man's outlook upon many problems, are admirably described in this new issue of the Encyclopædia. Unlike the twelfth and thirteenth editions, which were merely supplements to the Cambridge edition of 1910, the fourteenth edition has been remodelled from beginning to end. And not only that. It is conceived on a different plan. Whereas in earlier editions many of the articles were really formidable scientific treatises, the aim in the present edition has been to present the results of the most eminent authorities in language intelligible to the ordinary educated man or woman. Besides the simplification of style, comprehension of the subjects discussed has been greatly aided by the lavish introduction of illustrations and diagrams, numbering together about fifteen thousand.

From such a vast collection of knowledge only an example or two can be given. As all eyes are now turned on Geneva it may be noted that Lord Cecil and Sir Arthur Salter write on the League of Nations, Mr. Philip Baker on Disarmament, Mr. Kellogg on Outlawry of War, and Sir Josiah Stamp on Reparations and the Dawes Plan. No better authorities could be found, and the same high standard is maintained throughout. Thus the Labour Party is described by the present Prime Minister, the Liberal Party by Mr. Ramsay Muir, and the Conservative by Sir J. A. R. Marriott. Labour questions are discussed with a new thoroughness. Miss Sophy Sanger devotes 28 columns to Labour Law, and Mr. H. A. Grimshaw 12 to Hours of Labour. Messrs. Raymond and E. Unwin give 29 columns to Housing; while Mr. G. D. H. Cole and Mr. Bernard Shaw treat of Socialism, and Mr. Arthur Greenwood of Trade Unions. The article on Payment of Members shows the variations in different parts of the world.

The group of writers on Science is brilliant, but only two or three can be indicated. Einstein writes on Time-Space, Sir J. H. Jeans on Relativity, Niels Bohr on the Atom, Professor Millikan on Electrons, Professor Eddington on Astronomy, and Sir Oliver Lodge on Physics. Some of the practical developments that have resulted from their discoveries, and have almost revolutionized the life of ordinary people, are described under Aeroplane and Aviation, Broadcasting, Motion Pictures, and Television. Motion Pictures runs to 32 columns and has 13 pages of illustrations. The article on Photography affords a good example of another important feature of the Encyclopædia: it has 20 cross-headings, each with several subdivisions, thus greatly facilitating quickness of reference.

Sport naturally claims a good share of attention, and here again the contributors speak with authority. Mr. H. G. Hutchinson and Mr. Bernard Darwin are responsible for Golf, and Miss Helen Wills for Lawn Tennis. Cricket and Football, both Association and Rugby, are similarly treated.

The more prominent part taken by women in all affairs of life is duly reflected in the Encyclopædia, articles being devoted to the Education of Women, the Legal Position of Women, Women's Clubs, Women's Suffrage, &c., besides others on Household Appliances and Housekeeping, the latter including the servantless house.

History, geography, commerce, literature, art, archaeology—in fact, all departments of human knowledge—are handled by experts of acknowledged authority, and everything possible has been done to enable the reader to benefit by what he reads and sees. Besides the numerous black-

and-white illustrations in the text, there are many beautiful coloured plates, some reproducing classical and mediæval masterpieces. A great deal of information is condensed in a clear form in the tables contained in many of the articles. The final volume contains 192 maps in colour, specially prepared for this edition by Messrs. Bartholomew, and the all-important Index, upon which an immense amount of care has been bestowed, for it not only includes references to the illustrations as well as the text of the twenty-three preceding volumes, but also serves as a Gazetteer of the maps comprised in the Atlas. This Fourteenth Edition will, therefore, well sustain the reputation which the Encyclopædia Britannica has enjoyed for a century and a half.

In conclusion, a word should be said on two less agreeable features of the new publication. The publishers show an extreme reticence about the prices which intending purchasers will have to pay. Letters and postcards are being circulated to the public, announcing the impending publication of the new Edition, and offering to send a 56-page illustrated booklet to those interested. Yet neither the letters, the postcards, nor the illustrated booklet contain any information on the important point of price. This seems to us extremely undesirable in the case of a publication for which it is hoped to secure a large sale on the instalment principle. One remembers the large crop of Court summonses which followed the publication of some previous editions of the Encyclopædia Britannica. It is, we say, undesirable in the extreme that people should be asked to commit themselves to a contract to purchase by instalments without understanding clearly just what they will have to pay. The reticence with regard to price displayed by the publishers does not seem calculated to ensure this clear understanding.

The other feature which calls for comment is the fact that the new volumes have been printed in the United States. This is not an unnatural result of the American copyright laws in the case of publications which are expected to sell largely on both sides of the Atlantic. But the fact that these laws should be producing this result assuredly deserves attention.

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A KEY TO EUROPE

The Hittite Empire: A Survey of the History, Geography, and Monuments of Hittite Asia Minor and Syria. By JOHN GARSTANG. (Constable. 25s.)

IONIA was the instructress of Greece in art and science and philosophy, in poetry and in prose, and, as her own poets had indicated and as Sir William Ramsay and other scholars have demonstrated, the Hellenic colonies of the sea-board of Asia Minor absorbed freely, but with characteristic discretion, the culture of the peoples, Carians, Lydians, Phrygians, Lycians, and others, among whom they had settled, and between whom and the trade of the Ægean they must have acted as middlemen. Hence the wealth and luxury of the Ionian towns, and incidentally the leisure needed for their cultivation of the things of the mind. But whence, in their turn, arose the cultures the Hellenic colonists absorbed has only recently been apparent. It is now clear that long before Greece was, Asia Minor was dominated by a Hittite Power, which, consolidated perhaps as early as 2500 B.C. in the plateau round which the Hylas sweeps in a great curve, had by 1400 B.C. extended its influence, by conquest and alliance, from Smyrna to Tarsus, and, pouring down the passes of the Taurus, had established itself at Kadesh on the Orontes, had captured Aleppo and Carchemish, and most of Northern Syria, and had penetrated southward far in "Palestine." It is, however, because of its Western influence that the Hittite culture in Cappadocia assumes an importance to students of European history, with which neither the splendours of Egypt nor the wonders of Sumer can compare. The discovery, indeed, of the city of Hattusas (Boghaz-Keui), with its great State library, that is slowly but surely yielding up its secrets, is perhaps the most exciting that the field archaeologist has given us.

Already we know, partly from these records of the great Hittite Kings from Subbiluliuma, 1400-1355 B.C., to the fall of his empire, 1200 B.C., and partly from the Amarna tablets, that the Hittite King Mutallis counted among his allies men of European type and origin, and at least one Prince, Alaksandus, of Uilusa, with a good Greek name. In relation to this prince, it has been pointed out that Paris was also known as Alexander, and that an old legend quoted by Stephanus Byzantius ran to the effect that Paris on his return from Egypt and Sidon was hospitably entertained by the "Assyrian" King Mutulos, who can be none other than Mutallis. So legend resolves into history, as history illumines legend, and, great as have been the Hittite discoveries of Sir William Ramsay and Professor Sayce and Professor Garstang himself, we are still at the beginning of a revelation that promises to bear directly on the dawn of European history.

As an introduction to the study of the Hittite world, Dr. Garstang's splendid record of its geography and monuments is beyond praise. It takes the place of his "Land of the Hittites," published in 1910, and long out of print. But it is much more than a second edition of that work, for nineteen years in the story of discovery in Hither Asia is a long time, and of recent discoveries that of Professor Hrozný in 1917, that the official language of the Hittite Court in the fifteenth century B.C., reveals an Indo-European element of the centum branch, is positively revolutionary. The method of Dr. Garstang's work is admirable. Opening with a very brief synopsis of Hittite history as at present known, he gives us a brilliant geographical survey, in which the history of Hatti is seen to be intimately connected with the physical configuration of the Cappadocian plateau, and with the political and cultural contacts it compelled or encouraged. The site of the city of Hattusas itself, Dr. Garstang suggests, must have been originally chosen for its inaccessibility, as a raider's lair, which, nevertheless, as the kingdom waxed in power, became the centre of a road system which retained its importance down to Macedonian times. Following this survey we are given superb and finely illustrated descriptions of the far-scattered Hittite monuments, with a running commentary on their historical and cultural significance. Particularly arresting is Dr. Garstang's tentative explanation of the famous sculptures in the rock sanctuary two miles eastward of the site of

Hattusas. These sculptures represent two processions of Gods, one headed by a male figure in Hittite costume, presumably Teshub, the storm and sky god; and the other by Ma, the great Mother Goddess of Anatolia—the correlative of Istar, Astarte, Cybele, and the many-breasted "Diana" of the Ephesians—accompanied by a smaller male divinity—the correlative of Attis, Tammuz, and Adonis. The great figures meet in greeting, and the sculptures may represent merely the ritual marriage of dreary Asian divinities. Dr. Garstang, however, hazards the guess that they may represent a long-distant historical welding together of intruders, worshipping a sky god, with an indigenous people, worshipping a mother goddess. The suggestion is far-reaching, for we see how easily the Hittite sky-god Teshub passes with time into an easily recognizable Anatolian Zeus; and it may be that both god and official language point to an original "Aryan" conqueror of Cappadocia. Students of Hittite history have at least the happiness of knowing that this fine introduction to their particular study is but the prologue to the fuller story, which monuments and inscriptions and tablets have yet to reveal.

The illustrations to the books are as numerous as they are excellent, there are many useful maps and plans, and there is a first-rate index.

CONTEMPORARY PHILOSOPHY

Experience and Nature. By JOHN DEWEY. (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.)

The Intelligible World. By W. M. URBAN. (Allen & Unwin. 16s.)

The Idea of Value. By JOHN LAIRD. (Cambridge University Press. 18s.)

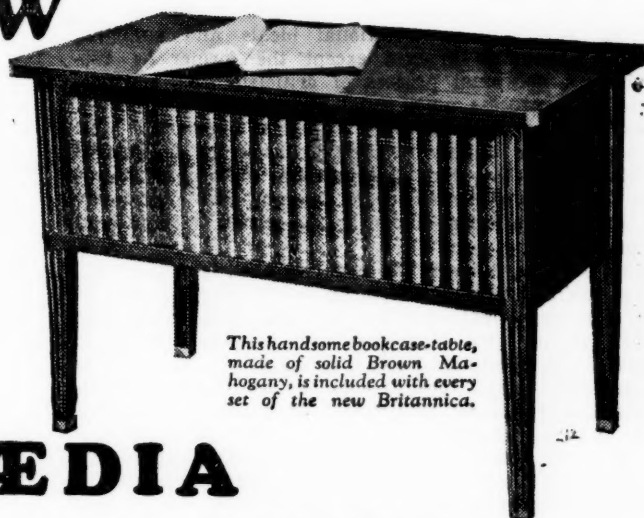
PHILOSOPHY at the moment is at the beginning of a reaction to a reaction. The history of philosophy has been in the main a record of great systems dominated by concepts such as substance, cause, deity, intelligibility, and so forth, and culminating in the Idealistic universe of the nineteenth century dominated by the Hegelian Absolute. With the twentieth century came a reaction. This expressed itself in a wholesale distrust of philosophies on the grand scale, which sought to include all the variety and multiplicity of existence within one embracing synthesis. The activities of the speculative reason were suspect as mere "rationalization," while systems were denounced as wish-projections upon reality, providing an interesting commentary upon the psychology of the philosopher, but giving no information about the structure of the universe. The reaction has almost spent itself. Brilliantly critical as its exponents are admitted to be, the philosophy of revolt has grown progressively more complex and more pointless. So pointless, indeed, that, if it is correct in all that it asserts, then philosophy as a serious attempt to understand the universe must be abandoned. Philosophy, if it is to be philosophy and not to degenerate into organized science, cannot, it is felt, go on like this. And so the systems are coming back again, and the latest writers on philosophy show a tendency to take the gods of their grandfathers off the shelf on which their fathers have placed them. Of this reaction and counter-reaction the three books that head this review are admirable illustrations.

Professor Dewey is the ablest contemporary American writer of philosophy; he is also the chief exponent of those empirical and pragmatic tendencies that have eaten like acids into the formidable Idealist systems of the past. "Experience and Nature" is a reprint of the first series of lectures under the Paul Carus foundation. The book is now in its second edition, to which Professor Dewey has contributed a new preface, besides rewriting the first chapter. The tone of the book is Humanist throughout. It consists of a thorough-going application of the methods of radical empiricism which Dewey learned from W. James to the subject-matter of philosophy. I say, "the subject-matter of philosophy," yet, strictly speaking, for Dewey there is no such thing. Philosophy for him is not a specialized brand of study with special problems assailable by special methods; it "should be a method cultivated by philosophers

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for dealing with the problems of men." It is, in fact, merely "the generalized theory of criticism."

The thought of the world, especially its scientific thought, is in constant process of change, as the material presented for consideration changes. Changes in thought are necessarily hostile to cherished values and time-honoured ideals. It should, in Dewey's view, be the function of philosophy to build a bridge between the new and the old, so that the mind may assimilate the new without being forced to jettison what is valuable in the old. But the gulf between traditional ideals and changing outlooks cannot be bridged except the former be subjected to a continual process of criticism and clarification. In the process much must of necessity be rejected. The task is one which philosophy is loath to undertake. Most philosophers are unduly reverent towards the traditional and the static; they like to think that philosophy stands above the *melée* of contemporary thought, and philosophy as a consequence is hag-ridden by the ghosts of traditional systems.

Part of Dewey's work, the negative part, is a sustained attempt to free philosophy from its metaphysical ghosts, of which substance, matter, mind, cause, and the dichotomy between nature and experience are, perhaps, the most harmful. The real, for Dewey, is all of one piece; it is composed of events; these events are neutral as between mind and matter, and constitute indifferently the stuff of nature and experience according to the context in which they are taken. Mind and its objects are both, therefore, characters of events, and the mind-body problem in its traditional form does not arise. Science is an instrument for enabling us to discover the connections between events. Its intention, therefore, is severely practical; it helps us to predict. But about the real nature of the events whose connections it establishes, it tells us nothing. This is revealed to us only in the experience of living. For the stuff of our experience is the stuff of reality, and there is no metaphysical world of value or intelligibility beyond and behind the world of our everyday experience.

For Professor Urban there is. His book is in full reaction against the tendencies of the school which Professor Dewey represents, and his chief concern is to establish the metaphysical world of value which Dewey denies. This, as Professor Urban admits, is to start systematizing again. And why not? "Modern thought," he affirms, "has come to an *impasse*, and when one comes to an *impasse*, there is nothing to do but to go back." To go back is not to adopt a crude realism or a primitive dogmatism, but to return to the methods of the great philosophers, to what the writer calls the "Perennial Tradition" of philosophy. For in spite of innumerable differences, by no means confined to points of detail, the great philosophers, from Plato to Hegel, have on one point been unanimous. Behind the sensible world, they have averred, there is another, permanent and in a sense perfect, apprehended by the reason and real as only what is intelligible can be real. It is this intelligible world that Professor Urban sets out to establish and, having established, to explore. It is existence, value, and meaning indissolubly united; apart from it, just as existence is without meaning, so thought is without value.

Yet Professor Urban's intelligible world is not a world set apart, separate, and aloof, an object for the knowing mind, but unaffected by the mind's knowledge of it. On the contrary, it can be compelled by thought, and is responsive to our aspirations—this, at least, I take to be the meaning of his phrase "eternally right because in some way they embody that objectivity and universality which belong to the typical spirituality of the soul"—and in this respect it is nearer to the Absolute of Hegel than to the world of Platonic Forms. From this point of view Professor Urban's whole conception is liable to criticism on the ground that it is a kind of intellectual anthropomorphism which first presents a cheque for human desires and aspirations at the bank of the universe, and then invents reason for supposing that it will be honoured.

Not so that of Professor Laird. The bulk of his book is concerned to give an historical account of the views of philosophers with regard to value, from Hobbes to the present day. Professor Laird writes exceedingly well—he is

something of a philosophic wit—and the historical survey is admirably done. In the last chapter certain conclusions emerge. Briefly, Professor Laird holds that the universe contains a certain pattern or scheme of values. These are in theory measurable, but remain unaffected by attempts to measure or even to apprehend them. "This . . . system is rational and objective, not arbitrary and relative to individual feeling, or even to corporate sentiment." There were beauty and goodness, one gathers, when the world was populated with *amœbas*. Or were there not? Professor Laird's conclusions are sketched too briefly to enable us to say. His historical work completed, he should give us his own views at length in another book. C. E. M. JOAD.

COTSWOLD VOICES

Burford, Past and Present. By M. STURGE GRETTON, J.P., B.Litt. With Preface by the late W. WARDE FOWLER, D.Litt. (Martin Secker. 7s. 6d.)

CHIEFLY by the labours of Mrs. Gretton and her husband, Burford's unusually well-documented history has been made easily accessible. She has revised her handbook, which is capably flavoured with the quintessence of her husband's "Burford Records," and it now appears in pleasant print and with good photographs to provide much more entertaining reading than most novels. The interest of Burford is not merely local. It cannot, of course, be taken as a typical English country town, simply because "national influences of 1830 to 1890 passed it by completely," but it is a place where every stone speaks of the secret spirit and rich texture of our English tradition. It seems only fair to join with Mrs. Gretton in pointing out what a benefactor the place has found in Mr. E. J. Horniman, who has saved so much of it from ruin, as well as giving the ancient Grammar School an entirely new lease of life.

"Burford, Past and Present" would make an admirable gift for a foreigner who wanted to begin to understand us as we really are, for almost our whole story is here, from a battle between the armies of Wessex and Mercia in 752 up to the present era of "a Men's Institute, a flourishing Women's Institute, a British Legion Branch, an Infant Welfare Centre, Extension Lectures, Mothers' Union, Folk Dancing, and kindred organized activities." In these pages we encounter John Edmunds, who, talking in 1521 with one Baker, "bad him go offer his money to the Image of God. When the other asked, What that was? he said, that the Image of God was the poor people, blind and lame." Here are the Levellers locked in the church, and the reprieved man forced to preach there after the execution of his companions, which he did, "howling and weeping like a Crocodile." Here we read of the church with its accretions and monuments of every age, and its lost epitaph ("Vermis Sum") of William Lenthall, Speaker of the Long Parliament, who made a famous and extremely constitutional remark to Charles I. when that monarch trespassed on the independence of his subjects; of venison feasts, eloping apprentices, cock fights, cholera, French minuets, church-wards, cricket matches, brass bands, royal visits, conscientious objectors, bad drains, and other diverse ingredients of "Merrie England." It is a fascinating story.

The last chapter is called "Since 1908," and here we find how near and yet how far is the immediate past. We have at any rate lived in time to catch some echoes of a world in which craftsmanship survived, and in which, as regards most of the arts, there were fewer "artists" and better workmen. Only last year, Mrs. Gretton tells us, died at Burford, Jim Drew, who, blindfolded, "could tell the source of any stone that had been quarried between Oxford and Bath," and earned "never more than one and twopence an hour at his masonry." It seems that the Hardy-esque peasant, the original, rustic, eccentric Englishman, still lingers unstandardized even among the mellow but thoroughly invaded Cotswolds, remaining the natural poet, at once embittered and hearty, that he always was. "Such a little knock, I thought it was a little elf," said Henry Bond, the old bell-founder, to a shy child coming to him on an errand. Henry Bond also died in 1928, but English poetry is still alive. So is Burford.

WILLIAM PLOMER.

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No more remarkable correspondence has ever seen the light of day than the Letters written by Disraeli to Anne, Countess of Chesterfield, and her sister, Lady Bradford, during the years 1873 to 1881.

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"Seldom has the historian," Lord Zetland says, "had placed at his disposal the written evidence of a relationship at once so illuminating and so rare. As I sit fingering the actual letters of this singular correspondence written day after day, week after week, and, indeed, year after year, at odd times and from divers places, on sheets of paper heavily edged with black—incongruous indication of his undying memory of Mary Anne—I am driven constantly to asking myself—is this real, or am I dreaming? Are these, in very truth, leaves torn from the humdrum book of real life? Can this strange romance be, in very sooth, that of a nineteenth-century Prime Minister of Great Britain?"

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NEW LIGHT ON WOLFE

James Wolfe: Man and Soldier. By W. T. WAUGH, M.A. (Brentano's, for Louis Carrier. 21s.)

BETWEEN the man and the soldier in James Wolfe there is very little distinction to be drawn; for few men have ever lived who were more completely wrapped up in their profession. It is, however, on the human, rather than the technical, side of Wolfe, the soldier, that Professor Waugh's handsomely produced volume is most illuminating. It adds little to our knowledge of the events of the Quebec campaign, and the author's military criticisms will not always go unquestioned. (He has the biographer's tendency to belittle his hero's contemporaries, and to Amherst, in particular, he is really unjust.) What it does do is to give us a remarkably clear and convincing picture of the man by whom the Quebec campaign was fought.

The chapters describing Wolfe's early career—his campaigns on the Continent and in Scotland, and his weary years of routine garrison duty—are of exceptional interest; the more so, for the admirable use made of Wolfe's own characteristic, and often very lively, letters. Here, Professor Waugh is remarkably free from biographical bias. He brings out very clearly Wolfe's professional keenness and the humane care for his men, in which he was much in advance of his time; but he lets us see, just as clearly, that nervous irritability which must have made him, at times, equally trying as a subordinate and a superior—outbursts of violent self-assertion alternating with moods of the blackest depression.

This nervous irritability had its physical cause. Wolfe was suffering from a painful and incurable complaint, and much that is perplexing in his conduct before Quebec is probably capable of a pathological explanation. The greatest of Wolfe's conquests was that achieved over his own physical and temperamental handicaps.

Apart from its historical value, Professor Waugh's narrative is uncommonly good reading, and many passages in Wolfe's own letters—especially his thumb-nail sketches of Scottish society under George II.—are delightful in their vigour and freedom.

The illustrations include a coloured reproduction of a really fine portrait of Wolfe, painted by his Brigadier, George Townshend. They also include some extremely clever and amusing caricatures drawn by Townshend during the siege of Quebec. These are said to have given Wolfe serious offence, and the legends "being of the crude and racy flavour of war-time military camps," have been altered. This is a pity, as it destroys their historical value. In an "Extra Illustrated Edition" these drawings, with three others, appear unaltered. If, therefore, you want to be shocked, or to judge the Wolfe-Townshend controversy on the full evidence, you must pay a higher price.

INTERNATIONAL LAW.

Annual Digest of Public International Law Cases, Years 1925 and 1926. Edited by ARNOLD D. McNAIR and H. LAUTERPACHT. (Longmans. 35s.)

THIS is a remarkable book which will prove of the greatest value to international lawyers and to those who are concerned with the study of international relations. It is a selection from the decisions of international and national tribunals bearing upon public international law during the years 1925 and 1926. In each case there is a statement of the facts and a summary of the judgment; 371 cases are included, of which about 200 were decided by national and 150 by international tribunals. The editing is admirable. The cases are classified under eleven headings, e.g., international law in general, jurisdiction, treaties, international organization, and disputes.

Summaries of decisions bearing on international law are, of course, already published in official papers and technical journals or annuals; but there is nothing which compares in scope and completeness with this volume. The editors hope to do for the years 1919 to 1924, and for years subsequent to 1926, what they have done for the two years covered by the volume. The contents of this book show how immensely valuable such a collection would be. Attempts

to provide for the pacific settlement of international disputes are still again and again met with the plea that there is no international law and that therefore such attempts are dangerous and utopian. The plea is based on ignorance, but even the international lawyer will probably be astonished to see from this volume the mass of international law already in existence. From this point of view alone the book well repays study.

THE A B C OF G.B.S.

A Guide to Bernard Shaw. By EDWARD WAGENKNECHT. (Appleton. 6s.)

Tales from Bernard Shaw. Told in the Jungle by GWLADYS EVAN MORRIS. (Harrap. 7s. 6d.)

Now that Shaw has become a respectable British institution, unable any longer to puzzle and alarm, there is no lack of willing helpers ready with introductions, explanations, translations into goo-goo, da-da and fairy language, and all the other supposed aids to comprehension and enjoyment. Shaw, with his deification of the human intellect, should be delighted that so many more readers are to gain access to him without the exercise of an ounce of thought. This is not ironically meant. Remember, the parlourmaid just glanced at the Barnabas thesis and lived on for three centuries; because she was simple enough to take it literally. A glance at Mr. Wagenknecht's chapter on Shaw's religion may make many converts—it is all so clearly put. His "guide," it should in justice be explained, is written for America. It is still difficult, in this country, to visualize its subject as a forbidding classic whose tiresome prolixity and stale allusiveness must be approached by means of warnings, hints, and landmarks. In America, it appears, a generation has grown up which knows not Shaw. It is necessary, therefore, to interpret him. Since Mr. Richards gave us evidence of the English undergraduate's skill in dealing with English poetry we can readily accept Mr. Wagenknecht's estimate of the American's skill with Irish prose.

For such an audience this exposition of the Shavian viewpoint should prove useful. It is simply stated, brief, and covers most of the essential ground. It will also, whether or not the author so intended, be time-and-labour-saving; as the hurried student, having acquired the rudiments of Shaw's gospel, will then skip the prefaces. Assuming that the plays themselves are still too tough, he may, if he is interested in menageries, take refuge with Miss Evan Morris instead, and so complete his studies without having read a page of first-hand Shaw. Miss Morris's tales are for grown-up children only; the inclusion of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" indicates as much. And they are not really A, B, C, but X, Y, Z—where Z stands for Zoo but not Zoology. Why should it commonly be considered easier to grasp situations when presented by heterogeneous animals instead of humans? Does an evolutionist feel more at home in jungles than in drawing-rooms, in swamps than towns? The simplicity of this animalized world is quite fallacious, yet the fallacy appears to be widespread. Possibly Mr. Kipling is responsible.

The stories are ingeniously managed. Some people may actually prefer to meet Barbara as a honey-bee who became a rhino, Tanner as a monkey, and Bluntschli as a rat. Especially with Miss Phyllis Treary's high-spirited illustrations to enhance the fun. But to appreciate Miss Morris, a *rapprochement*—to use Mr. Wagenknecht's expression—is required. We hereby recommend the following: the student should keep Mr. Wagenknecht's summary before him, read one play of Shaw's to show him how these jungle tales are worked, and then, having compared it with its animal prototype, he will be able to read the others in Morris without preparation. (They are not all included, but the omissions are mere trifles such as "Back to Methuselah" and "Saint Joan.") Let him beware, however, of choosing "Fanny's First Play" as his one Shavian venture; for what can he or anyone make of a jungle version in which there is no Fanny and no Play? The elimination of detail and intricacy is a virtue that may overreach itself. But who shall judge? Some of us have been brought up wrongly—we learnt our Shavian literature by reading Shaw.

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
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FINESSING (III)

IN my first article on the finesse a fortnight ago, I remarked that "all finesses involve considerations of probability—some of them quite easy to grasp, some of them so complicated that only knowledge and experience can ensure their proper application." In my second article last week I suggested to the reader two or three "conundrums," one of which exemplifies particularly well the complex situation which has to be resolved (either by calculation or in the sterner school of experience) before the right decision is arrived at.

Here is the situation. Z, who is playing the hand, say, in No-Trumps, holds the Queen, Knave, 6, 3, of a suit in his own hand, and the Ace, 8, 5, 2, in Dummy. What is his correct line of play?

This is a constantly recurring situation (which is why I propose to analyze it in detail); it is, moreover, a situation in which the beginner more often goes wrong than not. There are two fairly obvious alternatives. One (which the beginner normally adopts) is to lead the Queen from his own hand up to Dummy and to "run" it if A does not put up the King. The other line of play (which, in fact, is the correct one) is to lead a small card up to Dummy's Ace, and then to lead another small one from Dummy up to the declarer's Queen.

Now, can it be conclusively demonstrated that this alternative is superior to the other?

It can; but the problem is a more intricate one than the non-mathematically minded reader may be inclined to suppose. I will, however, set out in full its solution, as it may, I think, prove of interest in several different ways.

(1) The following five cards, in the suit that we are dealing with, are held by the declarer's adversaries: the King, 10, 9, 7, 4.

(2) The position of twenty-six cards in all (those held by Z and Y) is known. The remaining twenty-six cards may be distributed between A and B in 10,400,600 different ways.

(3) We have, therefore, to consider the possible distributions of the five cards referred to in these ten million odd hands.

(4) And having done this, we must find out how many of them can be more advantageously attacked by the lead of the declarer's Queen than by the lead up to it from Dummy, and how many of them can be more advantageously attacked by the latter method.

When we have done this, we shall have solved our problem, since the right line of play is obviously that which gives us the greater expectation of success.

The results of these analyses are brought together in the table which follows. In the first column are set out the various combinations of cards (of the suit that we are concerned with) that it is possible for A to hold. (The cards not held by A are, of course, in each case held by B.) In the second column are set out, to the nearest 100,000, the number of times that each such combination may occur. In the third column are set out the number of tricks which Z will expect to make in each case by leading the Queen from his own hand; and in the fourth column, the number of tricks which he will expect to make by leading out the Ace, and then leading up to the Queen from Dummy. In the fifth column is what may be called an *index number*, the product of the figures in columns two and three, which has reference to method one; in column six a similar *index number* relating to method two. The relative advantages of method one and method two can clearly be measured by the *aggregates* of the numbers respectively set forth in columns five and six.

(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)	(5)	(6)
A's Holding.	Distribution (million hands).	Number will make: (1) by leading his own Queen.	of tricks Z (2) by leading up to the Queen from Dummy	Index value of method (1).	Index value of method (2).
K 10 9 7 4	·2	2	2	·4	·4
K 10 9 x	·6	2	2	1·2	1·2
K 10 7 4	·3	3	2	·9	·6
K 9 7 4	·3	3	2	·9	·6
10 9 7 4	·3	2	3	·6	·9
K 10 x	1·05	3	3	3·15	3·15
K x x	1·05	4	3	4·2	3·15
10 x x	1·05	3	3	3·15	3·15
9 7 4	·35	3	3	1·05	1·05
K 10	·35	3	3	1·05	1·05
K x	1·05	3	3	3·15	3·15
10 x	1·05	3	3	3·15	3·15
x x	1·05	3	3	3·15	3·15
K	·3	2	3	·6	·9
10	·3	2	3	·6	·9
x	·9	2	3	1·8	2·7
None	·2	3	3	·6	·6
		TOTAL	..	29·65	29·8

The odds are thus slightly (29·80 to 29·65) in favour of method two, i.e., the leading from Dummy up to the declarer's Queen. The balance of advantage in this particular case (where the adversaries hold five of the suit to the K, 10, 9) is admittedly so slight as to be almost negligible. Nevertheless, the King, for the purposes of Z's finesse, should be assumed to be, not in A's hand, but in B's.

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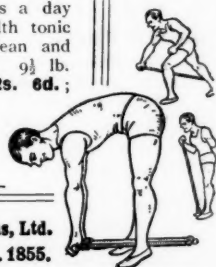
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FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY
THE HATRY CRASH—ITS CAUSES AND EFFECTS

BANK rate may be raised to 6½ per cent. this week, but the talk in the City is about Clarence Hatry.

There was nothing like panic on the Stock Exchange on the news of the Hatry crash. The heaviest losses fell upon the big institutions who lent money to the Hatry group—upon two of the joint stock banks (who can well afford, and probably deserve, to lose their money), and upon the Parent Trust and Finance Company, which has an issued capital of £2,840,641, and some solid assets in the shape of real estate in London. One large firm of brokers admitted that it had lost an amount which might prove to be as high as £350,000, representing a Hatry loan, but admitted also that it could stand the loss without discomfort. A firm of provincial stockbrokers failed, and there may be a few more of the same order to follow as a result of this week's settlement. The unfortunate rate-payers of Wakefield will have a serious loss to shoulder, and other Corporations may be involved. On the Stock Exchange, prices were, of course, lowered all round, but there was no rush to throw good stocks overboard, and the Stock Exchange Committee quickly circumscribed the trouble by suspending dealings in the 4½ per cent. redeemable stock of Wakefield Corporation and the shares of the Hatry trusts and promotions. Everyone concerned, in fact, has acted in a quiet, sober, and gentlemanly manner, including at the final hour of reckoning Hatry and his three associates—Daniels, Tabor, and Dixon—who called voluntarily upon the Director of Public Prosecutions. But the effects on Stock Exchange business must not be minimized. Public confidence has received a rude shock, and dealings are at a low ebb. There is a good deal of selling yet to come from those involved in the Hatry failure.

All unsound financiers crash sooner or later. The extraordinary thing about this affair is that Hatry has crashed for the second time in much the same way. Why was he ever allowed to repeat such a disastrous performance? His promotions in the post-war boom should have been sufficient warning to the banks not to lend him their support for a "come-back." The failure of the Commercial Corporation of London in 1923, the collapse of British Glass Industries, and the struggle for existence of Jute Industries, which is now under separate management and has submitted to a drastic writing down of capital, should have been the tombstones, not the milestones, of Hatry's career as financier. But with extraordinary ingenuity Hatry managed to secure the support of two of the joint stock banks in building up the business of his Corporation and General Securities in the issue of home Corporation loans. This business was only acquired by undercutting the established Stock Exchange interests, in other words, by issuing the home Corporation loans at too dear a price. What was the national advantage gained by the banks encouraging such competition? It only needed a general fall in the gilt-edged market under the pressure of dearer money and the efflux of gold, to cause the Corporation and General Securities to get itself into difficulties.

The activities of the Austin Friars Trust, of which Hatry, Daniels, Gialdini, Dixon, and Tabor were directors, were even more astounding. It had only a capital of £300,000, but under its auspices were promoted the Drapery Trust, Photomaton Parent and its subsidiaries, the Associated Automatic Corporation, Retail Trades Securities, Allied Ironfounders, and, lastly, the Steel Industries of Great Britain. The Drapery Trust was perhaps the most successful. This Company bought up depart-

mental stores in various parts of the country, and later on sold control to Debenhams, Ltd. Hatry must have made a very large profit out of this deal. The Photomaton Parent Corporation, which bought an untried patent automatic photo-machine for £1,400,000 in fully paid shares, was also successful as promotions go. Photomaton (Lancashire and Midland) acquired part of the British rights from the "Parent" for £75,000 in cash, and the Far Eastern Photomaton the Far East rights for 3,750,000 shares of no par value. The sale of rights by "parent" companies to offspring in respect of patents which have not yet been proved commercially is, of course, a familiar financier's device.

The most swaggering of Hatry's deals through the Austin Friars Trust was the formation of the Steel Industries of Great Britain. This was his undoing. In April last the Trust offered to purchase for cash the entire issued capital, debentures, and obligations of United Steel Companies, Ltd., together with the preference shares of United Strip and Bar Mills, and to arrange new finance of £1,000,000. This offer involved a cash commitment of no less than £8,000,000. The cash offer to shareholders was about 20 per cent. above the then market valuation of their shares, and an option was given to the holders to reinvest in a new holding company—the Steel Industries of Great Britain—which was to take over other iron and steel companies. Writing in *THE NATION* of May 4th last we said: "The shareholders . . . may be well advised to accept the cash offer made by the Austin Friars Trust . . . but they should think twice before putting back the cash received into the new holding company. . . . What qualifications are possessed by the new management? . . . The Austin Friars Trust was only registered in May, 1927, and its chairman is Mr. Clarence Hatry, who has certainly specialized in industrial mergers. That he will be as successful with a steel trust as with a drapery trust requires an amount of faith which not every shareholder of United Steel is likely to have." This was as plain a warning as we could give to readers to avoid Hatry's schemes at all costs. Fortunately, the vast majority of United Steel shareholders accepted the cash offer. Very few applied for shares in Steel Industries of Great Britain.

To provide cash for the United Steel offer the Austin Friars Trust obtained loans from the Parent Trust and Finance, which accepted large blocks of shares in the Hatry companies as security, and from a wealthy American who, in turn, raised money from London houses on the guarantee of the Parent Trust. Other loans were obtained from various banks, finance houses, and brokers. There was evidence that Hatry was having trouble with his banks and brokers for some weeks before the crash came. More cover was demanded, and in the end selling from brokers in Paris, whose demands for cover were unsatisfied, broke the market. Hatry made desperate efforts at the eleventh hour to sell his interest in United Steel, but without avail. His finance companies—Austin Friars Trust, Corporation and General Securities, Dundee Trust, and Oak Investment Corporation—are being wound up, and eminent accountants are busy ascertaining the position of the companies which Austin Friars Trust recently promoted. The mess is being cleared up with commendable expedition. But that this man should ever have been allowed to get into a position for making himself a nuisance in the City for the second time is a scandal for which the joint stock banks are largely to blame.

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